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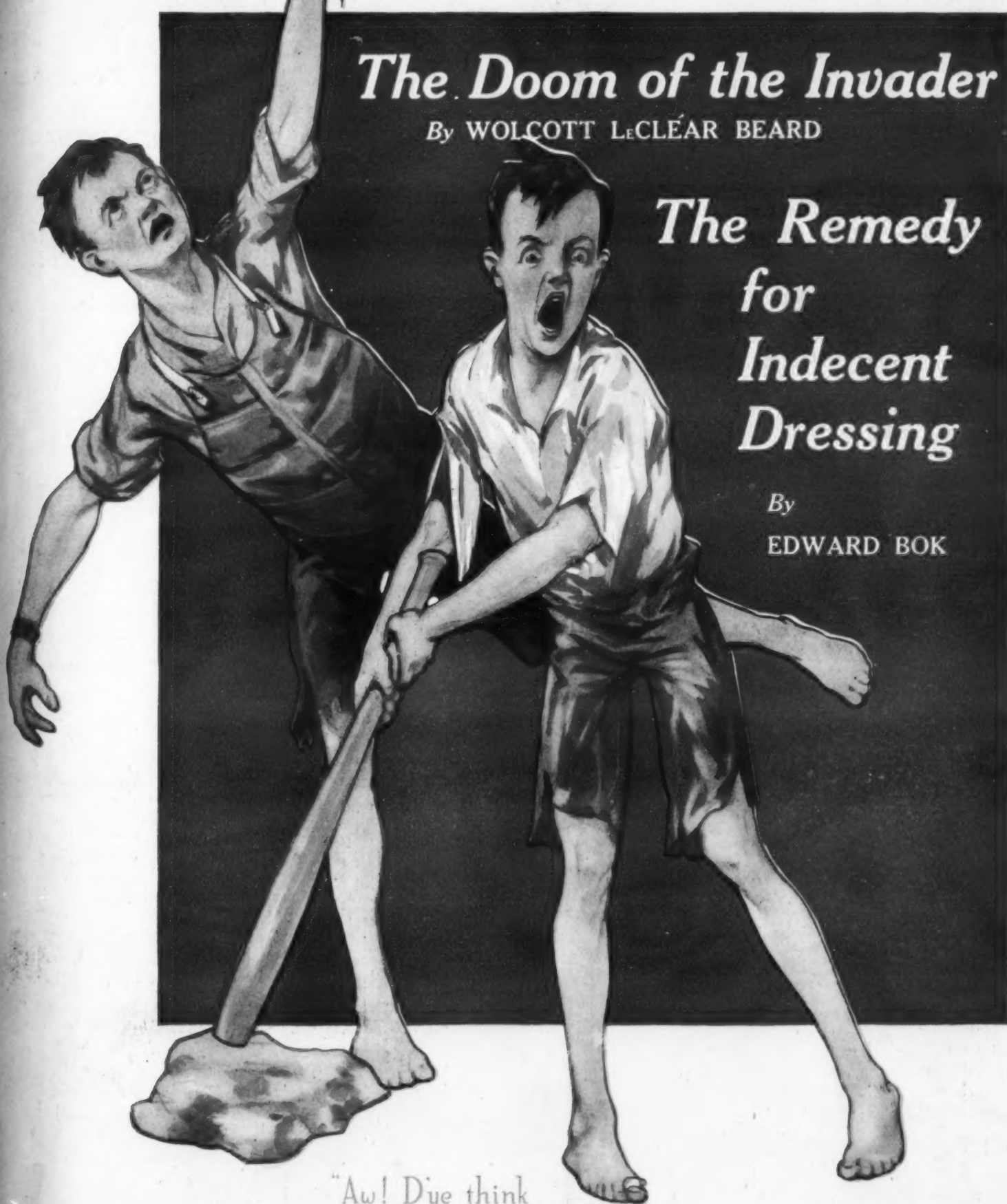
The Doom of the Invader

By WOLCOTT LECLEAR BEARD

The Remedy for Indecent Dressing

By

EDWARD BOK



"Aw! D'ye think
I'm a geeraf"

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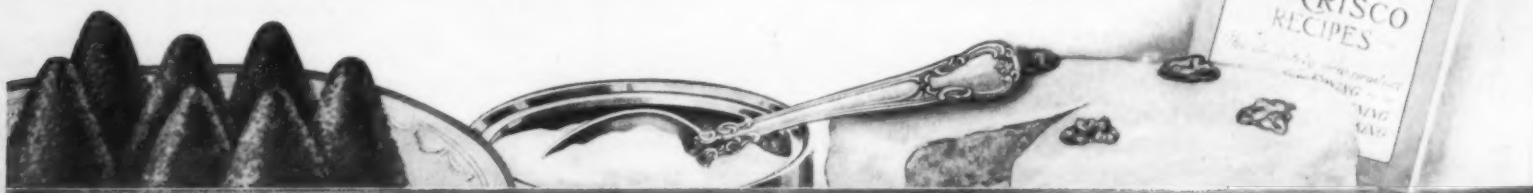
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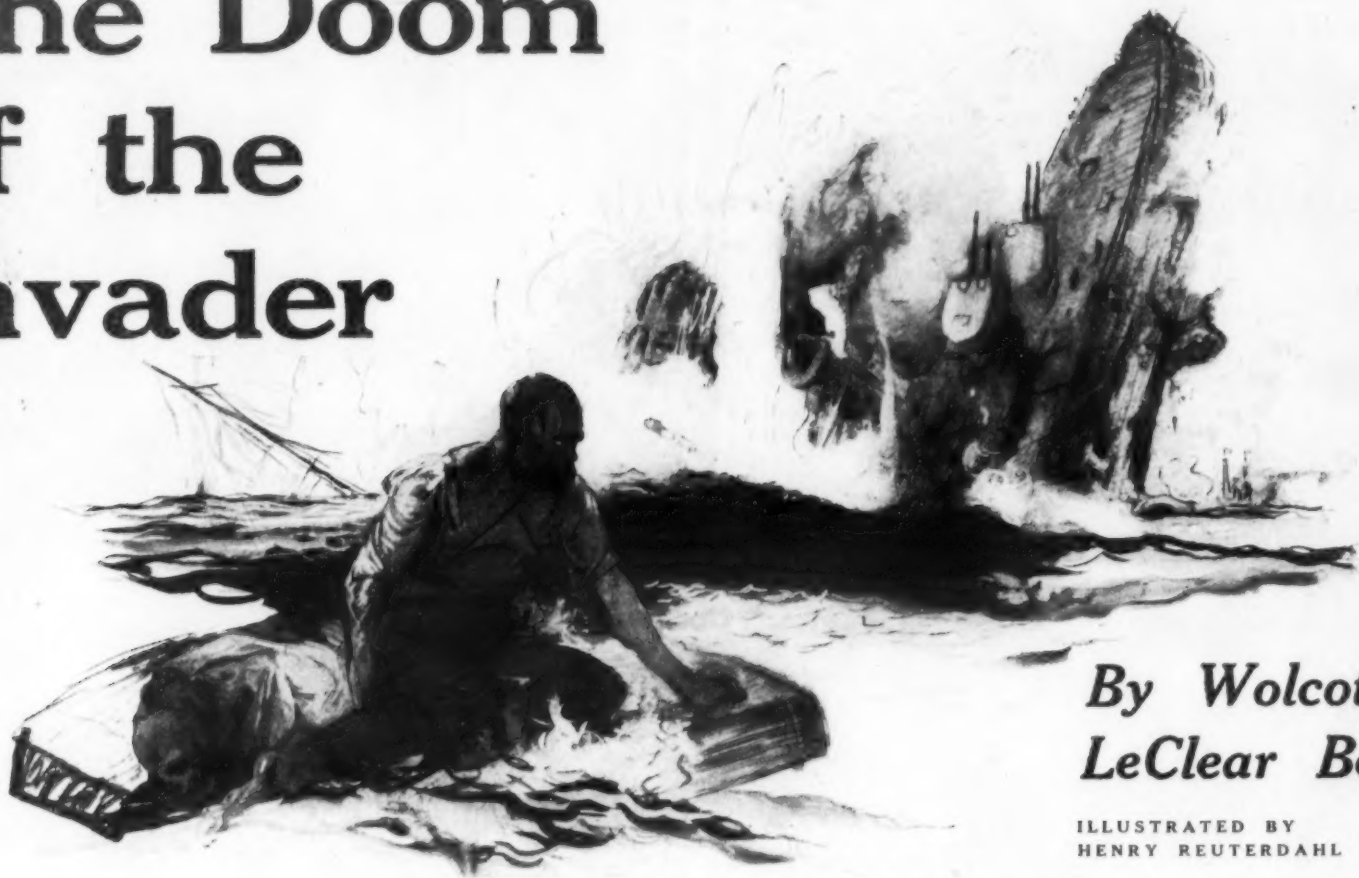
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The Doom of the Invader



By Wolcott
LeClear Beard

ILLUSTRATED BY
HENRY REUTERDAHL

IF AN enemy really should land an armed expedition in the United States, what would happen? Probably there is not a single adult American who, at some time or other, has not asked himself or herself that question. But Mr. Beard does more. He follows the imaginative question with an imaginative reply.

A DESERTED stretch of coast would be our enemy's natural goal. He very likely could succeed in reaching such a place without an alarm being given. That an expedition of size had started would, of course, be known, but not necessarily its whereabouts at any given time. The oceans are very big and our coast lines long. Our navy and its auxiliaries cannot be everywhere, and neither can our tiny army. The ubiquitous fishermen and coasters could easily be silenced by his destroyers darting ahead of the heavier craft, on some calm and moonless night, to take the life-saving stations, which otherwise would give notice of the enemy's presence.

From this point it is not impossible for anyone who knows his countrymen, and who, at the same time, has seen something of similar work, to picture what would occur with essential accuracy. Undoubtedly the reality would differ from this mental picture, but, granting the fundamental facts, this difference, in all probability, would be a matter of detail only.

Following his destroyers, then, the enemy's transports let go their anchors in the open roadstead. Almost before they have lost their headway, their boats splash in the water. There are ordinary ships' boats, and also flat-bottomed lighters, that have been carried, nested, on the decks. These pass to the gangways and thence to the shore, towed in strings behind motor launches along paths of brilliant white made by the searchlights, and so loaded with men that their gunwales are almost awash.

THIS first lot is infantry. It forms on the beach as the boats return for more men. Small bodies break away from the mass and disappear into the shadows. The rest deploys into lines, faced inland; lines which throw themselves prone where the shore breaks upward into the higher ground behind it, and lie there, waiting and ready. Through the medium of secret wireless stations his spies have kept him and still are keeping him informed as to the disposition of our forces, yet he is taking no avoidable chances in this land of "hideously ingenious and adaptable Yankees." Moreover, he hardly dares hope that his searchlights will for long remain unseen, unfrequented though that stretch of coast may be. Nor do they remain so. Perhaps it is a longshore fisherman, aged beyond the period of deep-sea usefulness,

who, going out to insure the safety of his boat against the young flood, sights that shifting glare in the sky. Turning about, he lumbers back to his cottage as fast as his stiffened joints will allow, shouting as he goes.

From within there come in reply the querulous voices of frightened women and the whimpering of sleepy children suddenly aroused. As he reaches his door the old man stops for an instant, to give room to a half-dressed boy, his grandson, who darts out and away. Then he goes in.

The doors and windows are closed and fastened just before a thunderous knocking resounds through the house and a peremptory voice, speaking in broken English, demands admittance, which is as peremptorily refused. Again it is demanded, this time with a threat, and again refused with profane emphasis and point. The old man knows well enough that it is the leader of a squad of the enemy's scouts who speaks, but he doesn't care who it is. An American's house, no less than that of an Englishman, is his castle. The old fisherman imbibed that sentiment with his mother's milk three-quarters of a century ago. Now, snatching an ancient duck gun from the corner where it rested, he stands ready to make it good.

With a crash the door flies inward, and, carried by the impetus of a log that they have used as a ram, four men stumble into the room. Both barrels of the old gun speak valiantly, and a soldier falls with a hole in his breast almost big enough to hold his own canteen.

Grasping the gun by its muzzle, the old man swings it for a blow. Before he can strike, however, the enemy has "rushed" him. His arms are pinioned. Probably without intentional roughness, the screaming, pleading women—his wife and daughter—are torn away from him and placed in another room, under guard. The fisherman is led out of the house and made to stand against the wall of his own woodshed. A firing squad quickly ranges itself, and a volley crashes out. Hardly has the thin vapor of the smokeless powder dissolved into thinner air before the enemy's scouts are away, leaving the women to find their husband and father where he lies staring sightlessly, with glazing eyes, at the dark clouds overhead.

Now the foregoing is by no means a mere gruesome flight of the imagination. Under the circumstances assumed, no incident could be more probable or natural. It is one which, with local variations, has been repeated again and again in practically every country that has ever been invaded. The old fisherman had no standing in war—had no official right to kill. He was, therefore, merely a *franc-tireur*—a murderer—according to military law. In shooting him the enemy made a grievous mistake, it is true, but by the letter of the law he was within his rights.

THE old man's grandson hears that volley, and though he does not know what has occasioned it, the sound would make him go still faster if he could, but he cannot. Already he is running as he never ran before—a miniature, unmounted Paul Revere, spurred to his utmost endeavor by the thought that

upon those bare feet of his, paddling so stoutly through the black night, is resting the honor and perhaps even the life of his country.

Soon, his mission accomplished, many other Paul Reveres, on foot and on horseback, on bicycles and in motor cars, are scattering in all directions, like the pieces of a bursting shell. The enemy on the beach—and the beach is black by this time with his men and guns and equipment—hears the bells of distant churches ringing in wild, dissonant appeal and warning, and here and there a whistle joins in. Plainly the countryside is rising, but the enemy probably hardly gives this fact a thought. Those whose ears will be reached by the alarm are only untrained men—peasants, he calls them very likely—who are utterly unfitted to cope with soldiers.

He is right, in a way. Fighting is a trade that has to be learned like any other trade. Civilians, no matter how brave, cannot successfully give battle to a military force, even though that force may be, numerically, greatly inferior; and in this case the invaders outnumber the inhabitants of the entire countryside. But even so there are things that the civilian can do—and will.

Lights shine in village windows and in those of farmhouses. Shortly afterward wagons rattle away, laden with women and children. They are driven by women, too. The men not already called to the colors and away have other business. Singly and in groups they come, some with arms in their hands—shotguns and a few sporting rifles—but more bearing in their hands axes, shovels, or picks, and in their pockets our national weapon, the nimble six-shooter; they flock to the appointed rendezvous, until practically all the remaining male inhabitants between the ages of fourteen and seventy have reported or are on their way. Let no one think that the spirit of '76 is dead. It isn't. It doesn't even sleep so soundly that it can't be very easily awakened.

ALREADY a leader has arisen as a leader in such crises always does; there seems to be no exception to the rule. Perhaps this leader is a retired officer, a colonel, who has foreseen the possibility of invasion, has preached this possibility to his neighbors, and has done his best to provide against the emergency, should it arise. Only yesterday the vast majority of those neighbors were laughing at him for a visionary old alarmist. No one is laughing now. These same people obey him with wild enthusiasm as he divides them into parties, appoints a subleader for each party, and assigns to each its portion of the work necessary to carry out the plans he has formulated.

There are only a few roads—four, say—leading from the beach where the enemy has landed to the railway, which is his obvious first objective. In a great measure his infantry, his cavalry, and even his lighter guns can move independently of these roads, but his heavy artillery and his trains cannot. He will need those trains—ammunition, provisions, pontoons, and all the thousand and one things that accompany a marching army. The old colonel means to see to it that he does need them, and need them so



badly that he will not dare allow his main body to get out of immediate touch with them. To delay the enemy until our troops can be rushed to the spot—that is what the colonel is fighting for. It is all he can hope to attain. It is to the four roads, therefore, that at first he devotes most of his attention.

In four columns, then, as soon as they can be formed, the enemy starts his inland march. Let us consider the fortunes of one of these. They will be typical of those which befall the other three.

Ahead of the usual advance guard a string of motor cars pushes itself. The foremost two are armored, and each carries a machine gun and a small searchlight; those which follow are loaded with tools and men—engineer troops, armed and drilled as infantry. These cars do not rush madly forward, but proceed with what the enemy considers a wise caution. Very soon indeed he will find that more caution would have been wiser still, but at first he makes the common mistake of underrating his adversary.

AT THE first turn of the road the ruddy light of a fire shines through the bushes that screen it and mingles with the white beam of the foremost searchlight. With trained readiness the engineers leap to the ground and run forward to reconnoiter. They find on the far side of that curve an old wooden bridge that spans a small estuary. Against this bridge some one has lighted a fire, with the apparent intent of burning it down. So hastily or carelessly has the work been done, however, that the enemy finds, when he kicks the burning brands into the water, that the timbers have been hardly scorched. So the motors start once more, and the foremost reaches the middle of the bridge. Then, without a warning crack, it falls—falls like a trap in a pantomime stage. There is a despairing shriek from one of the men as the car plunges into the estuary, then filling with the flood tide. It vanishes beneath the surface, leaving behind only miniature waves, dying against the banks, and some bubbles that burst, and are gone.

Thus the enemy learns that the pristine ingenuity of the Yankee, and his knowledge of human nature, remain unimpaired. The fire was not intended to burn the bridge, but to attract the enemy's attention away from the fact that its timber had been cleverly sawed

With a flash and a muffled roar the fougasse explodes, sending a blighting shower of stones and gravel across the road, sweeping from its surface every living thing

almost, but not quite, through. In the meantime the column is halted. The bridge must be repaired. There will be little difficulty in doing that without bringing the pontoon train from the rear if only materials can be found—and materials, it would seem, are at hand. The searchlight of what was the second car spies out a cottage standing among trees. It is the old fisherman's cottage, but the main body of the enemy does not know that. It never heard of the old fisherman, but will hear of him from now on.

The searchlight also reveals some dark forms, indistinctly to be seen, which seem to stand under these trees. A challenge brings no reply; a volley no movement, nor a single answering shot. Wondering at this strange conduct, the enemy advances—and all is made plain. The forms are those of a party of his own scouts, caught by the men who came to saw the bridge, and hung by them to the trees in reprisal for the fisherman's death. An account of personal hatred, in addition to the former national, and therefore impersonal, hatred is now fairly opened. It is never balanced. It keeps growing on the debit side, growing by leaps and bounds, as such accounts always do.

With beams and planks torn from the cottage, repairs of the bridge are begun. During the progress of their work the engineers, every little while, hear the snap and rattle of their scouts' rifles, always accompanied and generally preceded by the heavier reports of shotguns. It is easy for the men of the countryside, knowing the lay of the land as they know their own pockets, and aided by the darkness, to lie in ambush until the enemy is within a few feet of them. Soldiers are not required for this sort of warfare, and high-power military rifles offer no advantage. Shotguns are among the very deadliest weapons known when used at short range.

The enemy notes, however, that the rifles and cartridge belts of his ambushed men have always been taken, and that the men themselves are always dead. The "peasants" are leaving no wounded alive—and thus another item is added to the account.

The repairs are completed, and the column moves on, though not very far before once again it is obliged to halt. Venerable trees that for a century have been shading the road are now felled across it—"slashed," as the military term has it. That is, they are allowed to fall without being entirely cut loose from the stumps, to which they are still held by tenacious fibers, and each tree besides is lashed with fence wire to the one that used to grow abreast of it on the opposite side of the road.

Though the searchlight beams are darted here, there, and everywhere, no defenders of these slashings can be seen. The enemy even loses time by sending men to beat up the surrounding country, but without results. Then, and not until then, he starts to clear away the obstructions. And then it is that the defenses begin to manifest themselves.

THE first party, armed with axes, rushes in to begin its work. There is a roar from beneath its feet, and its men vanish in a burst of flame, to become portions of a mass of fine debris, which later will rain from the sky, scattering over the surrounding landscape. One of the members of that party had trod on a point mine of dynamite, designed to be fired by contact. Diligently now the enemy searches for other mines. He finds them. Some can be located in spots where the earth shows signs of having recently been disturbed; others are found in the same manner that the first one was. All this takes time—and, for that matter, men. Ever since his landing became known, the enemy has been fervently wishing for morning, that he might see what he was about, avoid ambushes, and that his aeroplanes might obtain information of what conditions await him. Morning comes while he is still at work on the slashings—but it does not bring the longed-for relief.

Mingling with the first gray of dawn is a pink glow that grows brighter and redder while one looks at it. There is the acrid smell of fresh smoke in the air.

Soon—very soon—the enemy knows that the standing grain in front and on both sides of him has been fired. Farmhouses and the houses of a village which he is approaching blaze like great torches. His flankers and scouts run for their lives into meadows, where concealed riflemen shoot

(Continued on page 25)

Common or Garden Earth

By Cynthia Stockley

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

Part II

AFTER a night of drenching rain the camp out at the Carlissima Mine lay sparkling in the morning sunshine. It was 5 a. m., with the promise of a golden day. Birds were twittering in tree and bush and wet leaves flickered and twinkled like diamonds, throwing off a myriad points of light. From the thatched roofs of the half dozen large huts in the clearing, steam arose, mingling with the blue spirals from newly kindled fires.

Hammond, dressing leisurely in his hut, looked out through his open door, and the beauty and promise of the day seemed to take him by the throat, for he turned away from it, with a face darkened and convulsed.

"God! What a day!" he groaned as a man might groan who has had a knife jabbed into him. For it is thus that Nature hunts and hurts those who loving her are yet a law unto themselves. Since he had lost Diane all beautiful things struck at him with wounding, hurtful hands.

He had a sudden longing to let work go to the deuce for that day, to take horse and his desolate heart away to some lonely wild place where he could be absolutely alone, unobliged to speak or be spoken to by any; but he knew that it was impossible to think of such a thing. Rider and he were the only white men in the camp, and he could not leave all the work to Rider. The mine manager had been laid low by fever, and the submanager had taken the Cape cart and driven off with him the night before to Salisbury Hospital. As for Carr, he had been away on business for some days in the Lomagundi district.

It behooved Hammond to get his breakfast over and start for the native compound. There was a matter of 300 boys or so to round up and hustle to their labors down the shaft. He threw a glance round for his boots, a special pair he kept for negotiating the wet, sloppy clay at the bottom of the mine, and seeing them nowhere, whistled for his body servant.

"My mine boots, Pongo," he jerked in the vernacular at the sleek-eyed Mashona who answered his signal. It transpired that the boots had been forgotten and were still in the saddle but covered with the dust and mud of yesterday! After receiving Hammond's comments on the subject, Pongo disappeared in a hurry to fulfill his neglected task.

AND tell Candle to rustle with my breakfast," roared Pongo's lord, like a lion in pain, and Candle at the sound did not need telling, but rustled to such good effect that in five minutes breakfast stood steaming on the rough wooden table that was pitched under a tree in the middle of the clearing. Rider, very spick and span in white moleskins, emerged from another hut, and Hammond, dressed all but his boots, and impatient of waiting, thrust his feet into a pair of silk slippers sent him at Christmas by his sister and brought out by accident to the camp, and, strolling out, joined his friend at the table.

The three partners had been in camp for nearly six weeks.

After that night on the Gymkhana Ground, Salisbury had no further hold for Hammond and he left the next morning, accompanied by Carr, grave and unquestioning, and followed a day or two later by Rider. He had never opened his lips on the subject of his changed plans, and he did not need to. Carr knew that the trouble was deep, and guessed the cause. Later Rider brought the news of the broken engagement as briefly announced by Jack Hey-

wood with whom Hammond had encompassed a short interview before leaving.

With the exception of a remark or two on the subject of the storm during the night, the two men took their breakfast in silence. Rider was at no time a talkative fellow, and Hammond's mood of late seldom invited gaiety. This morning he had not yet recovered from the savage misery that had smitten him in his hut, and still preoccupied was not his usual observant self, or he would have noticed something unnatural in the atmosphere of the camp.

ABOUT 300 yards off from where they were sitting a construction of heavy beams forming a rough hauling gear marked the mine's mouth, with the power house and a number of small shanties grouped beside it. Beyond, and almost hidden by this group of buildings was the kraal or compound occupied by the natives who worked the mine. It was merely the usual collection of fifty or more rough *dagga* huts with thatched roofs drooping almost to the ground and lopsided like a lot of old battered straw hats, surrounded by a high *dagga* wall; and from it came the usual morning sound peculiar to Kafir kraals—a low humming singsong of voices, with an occasional *tap* or *boom* on a vessel of metal or skin. What Hammond should have noticed and did not was that his natives were humming a war song—one of those monotonous chants, flat and unmusical yet full of some hidden power to stir the blood of a savage to dreams of reeking assegais and the crashing thud of knobkerrie upon skull. The few "boys" loitering among the white men's huts, all personal servants, cast furtive glances tinged with surprise at the indifferent faces of the white men. Certainly *Inkos* Rider was but a new hand—only a year or two in Africa; but *Inkos*

"Who the—" They both stood up as the horse came clattering into the clearing, and its rider gasping and haggard flung himself down. He was one of De Rivas's assistants out at the Green Carnation Mine—a young Scotchman called Dent, well known to them both.

"The natives are 'up.' They've murdered everyone in our district except De Rivas and his wife," he burst forth. "You fellows had better get your horses and scoot for Mazoe before—"

"Steady, Dent," said Hammond in a voice like cold steel. At the first mention of trouble he had thrown his eye around, and in a flash heard and seen the danger signals about him—his servants' faces, the timbre of the song in the kraal, the sudden dead silence which, with the horseman's coming, had fallen on camp and kraal, and—the rustle of feet creeping up behind the mine-head shanties!

"Pull yourself together. My boys are observing you. Get your revolver from your hut. Rider, and all the ammunition you can lay hands on, but keep them out of sight." (He had his own revolver on him—too wise a citizen of Africa ever to be without it.) "Sit down, my dear fellow," he now added heartily to Dent, and called for fresh coffee, sitting down himself too, but with his face toward the mine head.

RIDER, coming back casually from his hut, resumed his chair. Speaking in an ordinary voice, smoking and pouring out coffee, Hammond questioned the Scotchman and elicited facts.

The natives had set to work at four o'clock that morning, and systematically visiting every farm hut and tent within the district, had butchered the surprised and defenseless occupants. Everyone at the Green Carnation, taken unawares, had been knobkerried or assegaied to death—except De Rivas and his wife, who got warning in time to barricade themselves in their ranch. Dent had been with them, and the two men had managed to drive the demons off for a time, but it was certain that they would return. In the circumstances De Rivas had ordered Dent to try and get away by means of an old mine working that came right up close to the back veranda of the house and bring help to them, for Mrs. de Rivas was a sick woman and could not travel any distance except in comfort and well protected.

"They can't last out long," finished Dent dismally. "Half their ammunition is gone—Mrs. de Rivas is in hysterics most of the time—if I don't get help they'll be done for in a few hours—I must push on to Mazoe and—"

HIS sentence was broken off by the smart snap of a revolver. Hammond was firing across Rider's shoulder, not once but many times.

Snap—pht! Snap—pht! Snap—pht! And the grim eyes of the man behind the revolver snapped and

flashed too, as he picked off one after another of those who led the advancing horde. In less time than it takes to write it, five of the leaders were groaning in the dust, and the murderous band behind had fallen back dumfounded, staring like fascinated rabbits at the man who now advanced on them, still covering them with that gleaming deadly revolver and his ice-cold, deadly glance. At last he flung them a few brief words in their own tongue.

"Get down to your work in the mine. Anyone who loiters will be shot like these things here."

They gazed at the "things" for a silent moment, then cowering before the white man, they dropped assegais and knobkerries in the dust and retreated



"The natives are 'up.' They've murdered everyone in our district except De Rivas and his wife," he burst forth. "You fellows had better get your horses"

Hammond was an *induna* who knew all things, and had fought in many Kafir wars! *Chik!* Surely he must hear that song in the kraal and know its meaning!

Hammond indeed would probably have waked in a moment to a sense of something wrong, but as it happened his attention was suddenly diverted by the sight of a man on horseback tearing full-tilt toward the camp.

"What the—"

Chief: captain.

sullenly, step by step, to the mine mouth. Rider, close behind Hammond, opened the little gate leading to the inclosure round the shaft and hustled half a dozen boys into the power house to set the cage going. Then, one by one, with downcast looks and modest mien, the boys filed into the cage and were lowered in little companies down the mine. Hammond stood by silent, dominating; the sunshine glinting on his revolver barrel, and Boston, casual and indifferent, lounging beside him. The other two men, unobliged even to draw their guns, contented themselves with speeding up an occasional loiterer. In the end every "boy" of 300 was at the bottom of the shaft, except those in the power house. Hammond approached them.

"You too—get in," he remarked briefly, and they got in, humble and sleek, with air deprecative of giving so much trouble. Dent and Rider took possession of the power house and worked the cage, for, as is well known, two white men can do the work of six natives any day in the week. Afterward they cut the steel ropes that held the cage and it fell crashing to the bottom of the shaft.

"That's all right," said Hammond at last. "They've plenty of water, and a couple of days with empty stomachs will take the cheek out of them. At the end of that time, if all goes well, we'll be here to let 'em up again—if not, so much the worse for them."

"The blessed tinkers!" was all that Rider permitted himself to remark.

"Now, you fellows," said Hammond briskly, "take your horses and beat it for Mazoë, hell for leather. Get a party together—half a dozen guns—and make for the Green Carnation. I shall go on ahead and help De Rivas hold out."

"I'm coming with you," said Rider carelessly. Hammond looked at him coldly.

"You will kindly do as I ask you, Bill. If you meet trouble between here and Mazoë, as you probably will, and one of you is potted, there is still a chance of the other getting in to give the alarm."

RIDER merely smiled. Hammond knew that "obstinate" smile, and he also knew there was no time to lose.

"Don't be a fool, Bill," he said brusquely. "We are not in this for glory, or fun, or friendship. Just remember there's a woman in the matter, will you?—a sick woman. What you two fellows have got to do—or one or other of you—is to get together a big enough party to convey her in a cart to Mazoë. If you are delayed you will probably find when you reach us that we have left the ranch and taken to the bush. The house won't be safe once the ammunition has given out—and I know the country all round there like the palm of my hand. There are plenty of places we can lie 'doggo' in until help comes. But you must get help, and get it quick. Take the fresh horses, you've farther to go than I. I'll take Dent's. Go on now, Bill. Don't be pig-headed—and take charge of Boston, will you? I don't want him with me. Where is the beggar?"

No one knew. A moment before he had been lounging idly against the power house, his tongue lolling from his mouth, his eye expressing boredom; a moment later he simply was not. It is hard to say what instinct had bidden him make himself scarce in a manner as swift and unobtrusive as possible, and turn into a motionless sand-colored ant heap about fifty yards from the road, down which anyone leaving camp must pass. No one had time to look for him, and no one would have found him in any case. Hammond let loose a bad word, gave Rider's hand a parting grip, and skimmed out of camp on Dent's horse.

WITHIN a quarter of a mile of the Green Carnation he dismounted and, leaving the horse in the bush, advanced under cover and with great caution toward the ranch. It was then that the rough ground and thorns under foot brought him the realization that he was still wearing the pair of silk slippers made and sent him by his sister for a Christmas present.

It was a little dell-like place—not more than ten feet by six, hollowed out by the heavy streams that in

bad weather came rushing down the slopes of the kopje above it, darkened by the thick bush all round, full of small sharp stones and thorns, and red ants that stung like wasps, with not a single smooth tree trunk or flat rock to lean against. Still, it was a hiding place; and to three people it had been for as many days a haven and a home. Three people—to say nothing of the dog.

IT WAS indeed Boston who lay in one of those triangular positions which only a dog can find reposeful, his head on a stone, his tongue lolling languorously from his mouth, one eye closed, the other cocked on his master.

For Hammond, seated uneasily upon a small rock, his arms round his knees, his empty pipe in his mouth, was plainly busy on an intricate problem, and Boston, too, was interested in the solution of that problem.



"I shall start for Salisbury to-night."
 "But Salisbury is seventy miles!"
 "Sixty when you know your map."
 "Well, sixty—without food. And you've got no boots!"

Close beside them, touching feet with Hammond and the dog, De Rivas half lay, half leaned in the cramped space, painfully shifting his wounded leg every few minutes. Between his lips was a thick white mimosa thorn which he bit on when he shifted, as a wounded soldier might bite on a bullet to keep in his trouble.

Mrs. de Rivas lay sleeping on the men's folded coats. "Well—what next, Hammond?" asked De Rivas in a whisper. They had been obliged to whisper for days; the natives were all round them in the bush, searching; but Hammond had chosen his retreat well, and the odds were against discovery as long as they lit no fires and were not heard talking. It was characteristic of the man, however, that this business of whispering annoyed him more than any of the risks and hardships of the past few days. To have to whisper on account of a lot of murdering negroes! When

all he wanted was to get out and beat the brains out of a score of them—and he would, too, if—

Mrs. de Rivas gave a little moan in her sleep. So he whispered, in spite of his fierce desires.

"I shall start for Salisbury to-night."

"Salisbury?—on foot!"

"It's no use trying Mazoë. Something's gone wrong there or Rider would have been back by now."

"But Salisbury is seventy miles!"

"Sixty when you know your map."

"Well, sixty—without food. And you've got no boots!"

It was no use offering his own. He was a big man, and his feet were on a generous scale. As for Hammond, he could not forbear to smile when he looked at the travesties from which his toes protruded—a few rags and ribbons of dark blue silk.

"No; but I've got feet."

He had indeed—the most famous feet at Harvard in his time, and in Africa at any time. All the same, he cursed himself for criminal carelessness in leaving his camp improperly shod; for he, too, knew that sixty miles barefoot through an enemy's country, over kranz and kop and rough, unbroken ground, was not going to be the funniest thing that had ever happened to him. Still, they couldn't sit whispering there forever, and Cara de Rivas had to be saved.

She had stood the strain well up till now, but it was doubtful if she would last out much longer. And she must not die. No woman in the same case would be allowed to die if he could help it. But only he knew the stain and disgrace it would be on him to let her, of all women, die, whose death would give him his heart's desire.

When De Rivas spoke again, his whisper had grown fainter. His thoughts appeared to have taken the same direction as Hammond's.

"How am I going to keep her alive, Hammond? She can't go on without water."

"I shall fill the can before I start, and you must try and make it spin out for three days. I promise you I shan't be longer than that."

FORTUNATELY they had thought to bring a can with them in their hurried escape from the ranch, and Hammond stole out every night and filled it from the river, not 200 yards away. De Rivas's wounded leg entirely incapacitated him from doing anything; Hammond had been obliged to carry him more than half the way on the night of their flight.

"Three days!" De Rivas was thinking to himself. "He can never do it even if he had boots!"

Three days was too short a time in which to walk to Salisbury and bring back help. Three days was only long when contemplated from the point of view of a man whose larder is empty and whose death lurks in the shadows.

"What am I going to give her to eat?"

"I've thought of that, too," said Hammond quietly. The other man looked up questioningly. The problem of provisions had been a haunting one ever since they arrived in their refuge. If Hammond had a solution of it now, why not before? But Hammond was apparently not inclined to be communicative. He merely sat there staring at Boston, and Boston, as though suddenly aware of something personal in his master's attention, rose suddenly, and in his silent, floundering way came over and laid his nose on Hammond's knee. Hammond, after a moment or so, raised the dog's head in his hands and looked into the golden-brown eyes, tender and trustful as a woman's, far more trustworthy than many women's. Then, for Maryon Hammond, he did a strange thing—he bent his head and kissed his dog's nose.

DE RIVAS bit suddenly on the thorn between his lips and looked away. He had seen Hammond's eyes, and it is not good to see the eyes of a strong man in pain. He knew now what Hammond meant to do to keep him and his wife alive during the next three days.

When Cara de Rivas awoke from her long sleep of exhaustion it was dusk, and (Concluded on page 30)

COMMENT ON CONGRESS

THE speech delivered in the Senate in favor of the Underwood-Wilson Tariff Bill by Henry F. Hollis, the Democratic Senator from New Hampshire, may fairly be described as marking the end of one era and the beginning of another. Without checking up historically, it is probably safe to say that no such speech was ever before delivered by a New England Senator, certainly not since the protective tariff became an issue in American politics.

My constituents as a whole have no sympathy with the provincial doctrine that New England must be coddled or "protected" at the expense of the South and West. When her public men in years past have begged for special tariff privileges at the nation's capital she has been misrepresented. She bids me say, Mr. President, that *what is best for the country at large is best for her.*

Senator Hollis then passed on to such outspoken heresy as this:

I am convinced that the placing upon the free list of New England products, such as boots and shoes, shoe machinery, lumber, fish, newspaper stock, plows, wagons, harness, and the like, is fully met by the free listing of Southern and Western products like wool, sugar, leather, cattle, meat, flour, coal, and iron ore. And I reach the same conclusion regarding the relative reduction of duties where the free list is not reached, and the equality of the reductions as regards different industries and different sections of New England. If there is discrimination in favor of any section or any industry or against any section or any industry, it is not so marked as to have caught my notice.

Senator Hollis's speech is very important when you reflect upon it. Maybe it marks the end of the whole protective hypnotism throughout the United States. Certainly some obvious new direction has been taken by public thought when such a speech as this can be delivered by a Senator from New Hampshire. If this is not the case, if the change marked by the Senator's declaration is less fundamental, if his presence in the Senate is merely a temporary accident, the fact will soon be uncovered. For Senator Hollis's speech will be the issue in the New England Congressional elections next year. As soon as he had delivered it, his colleague, the Republican Senator from New Hampshire, Jacob H. Gallinger, a standpat Republican of the genuine type, arose to challenge it, and made the issue clear. Senator Hollis has plenty of ability to defend his position. His speech went straight to the heart of the fundamental question: Are the New England mill towns an agreeable picture of civilization? Has life in New England been made a better thing for all affected by the protection system?

Progressive Republicans

THERE is some likelihood that at least some of the progressive Republicans, after registering their protests against the maladjustments which it must be acknowledged, the new tariff measure contains, will vote in favor of it on the final passage after the conference with the House. The present tariff bill had to be made to cure a complex system which has crystallized through generations of building one special privilege upon another.

By MARK SULLIVAN

Any tariff made under such circumstances must have defects. It is merely a first step toward a return to normal conditions; the complete return will be a matter of years and patient readjustment. The main fact about the present bill, the issue upon which the final vote will be taken, is that it is a revision of the tariff downward. The progressive Republicans have long been for this; their political lives are bound up with it. Now that it has come, can they afford to vote against it? Is not the issue exactly the same as it was in 1909—whether they are *for* the Payne-Aldrich Bill or *against* it? It is to be hoped some of the progressive Republicans will vote in favor of the bill; it is less desirable to have a bill pass the Senate by a narrow partisan majority of one or two. The trend of thought which is marked by the present tariff bill has come to stay. Those who are hurt by it will be more likely to accept it; the period of suspense will be shorter if the figures by which the bill is passed are substantial.

An Enlightened Position

FROM a speech of Senator William S. Kenyon of Iowa, a progressive Republican:

Mr. President, I have approached the debates upon this bill with an open mind, looking for light. The light, it is true, at times has been rather dim, but after the completion of the debate and after all the light has been shed upon it that is possible, I propose to be governed in my vote by the one test whether or not this bill is better for the hundred million people of this country than is the present tariff law.

The Tariff Commission

THIS took place during the examination of Lobbyist Mulhall:

"Why was the National Association of Manufacturers so deeply interested in a tariff commission?" Inquired Senator Reed.

"The association hoped through this means to prevent a revision of the tariff law," replied Mulhall.

There is no doubt that, among much that was honest, some of the agitation for a tariff commission three years ago was based on the wish to postpone tariff reduction. With a tariff commission, the work of reduction could be spread over a series of years, a process that, of course, has much merit. Now that the Democrats have made some essential reductions, a tariff commission, or some body like it, can take up the work of necessary readjustments.

Intervention

IN THE matter of Mexico, President Wilson is following an extremely difficult and necessarily complex course. He is doing it in a very sure-footed way, and, if intervention can be avoided at all, President Wilson's course is well calculated to achieve that end. He is on the side of sound morals. However, if a venture be made into the field of prediction, even by those to whom any kind of intervention is repugnant, it is necessary to say that the pressure from many directions to com-

pel or induce the United States to do something about Mexico is going to be increasingly powerful. Unhappily, much of this pressure comes from interested and mercenary sources, but that fact is not going to make resistance to intervention any easier.

Banking and Currency

THE probability now is that President Wilson will prevail in his wish that currency and banking legislation pass at the present session. This is best. If it were left over until the regular session, probably the whole of that session would be consumed with it, leaving to an indefinite future the pressing problem of trust legislation. There is a natural dividing line between the tariff and the currency bills on the one hand, and antitrust legislation on the other. It is best that the special session should begin with a clean, new program. The Republicans will resist the effort to pass a currency bill. Senator Lodge voiced their opposition:

Mr. President, many people feel that this is no time, in the heat of summer, with an exhausted Congress after a long tariff debate, to take up a banking and currency bill, which in my judgment is ten times as important in its effect on the business of the country as the tariff, grave as that is. They feel that it is not the time to take up such a bill and undertake to deal with it. It is not the time to reach decent legislation upon that subject.

We all know that the banking laws need reform and change. We are agreed on that. There are many points in the law that have been presented on which I think all men who have reflected on the subject are agreed. There are some others to which many people are utterly opposed, as they think they will be ruinous in their effect. We must have, we ought to have, a long and thorough debate.

After all, there isn't much to this except to say that Congress is tired and fretful.

The Farmer, too

FROM many sides come signs of a fundamentally changing point of view. These words were printed as an address of C. B. Kegley, master of the Washington State Grange, in the "Western Farmer" of Spokane, Wash.:

Make no mistake—we are face to face with the entire removal of the protective tariff from farm products. In my judgment, there is no scape from this conclusion, and the thing for us to do is to meet the issue fairly and squarely.

As a system, protection is doomed. If we, as farmers, stand for it, we shall lose our share, and the public believing that it has secured relief from the burden of living cost, will stop there, causing whatever of loss occurs to fall upon the farmer. Consequently the business-like course open is for the farmer to fight, not to continue the system, but to smash it! Fight, not to hold his own questionable benefits of tariff on grain and live stock and wool, but to strip the coat of privilege off from the back of every business engaged in supplying the necessities of life. . . . The time to cure the whole diseased system has come and the proper medicine is the ax. . . . Let us stand steadfast to this and appeal to farmers everywhere to join with us and wipe every tariff privilege off the statute books now and forever.

If this is correct, a good many Senators have been wasting time at Washington in their defense of protection for the embattled farmer.



Another Sermon on the Mount

THE summer week-end exodus of motorists to cool places in the country caused the church attendance in Cheyenne, Wyo., to dwindle so appreciably that the ministers decided it would be worth while to carry a Sunday service to the motorists. Sherman Mountain was selected as the auditorium, and the Rev. Leon C. Hills preached the sermon. More than 100 cars conveyed the churchgoers to the base of the mountain.

A Matter of Clay or Dust

A CARTOONIST, who long has delighted to picture New York's Governor as a caricature of Henry Clay, sees the Legislature's impeachment proceedings against Mr. Sulzer as a demonstration by Tammany of how clay may be reduced to dust. Another description of the situation is that given by some of the Governor's friends in the sentiment that accompanied a floral horseshoe which the Governor received the day the Legislature passed the impeachment resolution.

Homesteading by Motorcycle

AFTER an attempt to grow trees on 10,000 acres of Government land in Hamilton County, Kansas, proved a failure, the Land Office opened the tract this month to homesteaders, a few of whom modernized homesteading by speeding to their claims on motorcycles.



The Remedy for the Present Wave of Indecent Dressing

By EDWARD BOK



"Diaphanous" or "X-ray" skirts are particularly startling when worn in the sunshine. Our illustration of the point is a snapshot from Auteuil



Another example of the sort of fashion which the American woman will be asked to adopt at balls and social affairs this winter



In the way of coats, this one from Longchamps, in a design which makes the human form resemble a peg, is described as "characteristically French"

A Fifth Avenue dressmaker's model in a modish Parisian slashed skirt. She went walking in it and was so fashionable that she almost felt ashamed

WHATEVER may be the opinion of the present indecent styles in women's dress, or the impenetrable enigma of their adoption by even a portion of our heedless American women, we know where they come from, and in view of that fact the remedy lies in the hands of every decent American woman.

During the past five years in particular the Paris dressmakers have, step by step, shown the steady degeneration of their waning art in the so-called "Paris styles" which they have sent over here. Each year the tendency to lower the standards has become more strongly marked. But it must be said to the credit of the French gentlewoman that these "styles" are neither indorsed nor worn by her. She scorns them with contempt. They are the creations of the disordered minds of French dressmakers who have lost all sense of art and decency, have become pure commercialists, and who, laughing in their sleeves at the American women, are, as one of the greatest of them recently said, seeing how far they can go "in making damn fools of the American women." No Frenchwoman of the slightest refinement wears these "styles"; they are the hall mark of the women of the French underworld that frequent the Paris boulevards and the French race courses. As Mme. Sarah Bernhardt said upon her last visit to America, it was a perfect amazement to her to see apparently decent American women dressed like the demimonde of Paris.

Nor is this a matter of my own or any personal opinion: It is an incontrovertible fact known and acknowledged by every American buyer who goes to Paris and everyone conversant with the French fashion situation. It is known to every woman of the underworld in America. As one of these recently said: "Here are a lot of girls and women who draw aside their skirts when they meet us, and yet are dressed exactly like us." A walk along Fifth Avenue verifies this statement—that two classes of girls are to-day dressing exactly alike. A social service worker only a few days ago said that more decent girls had been approached during the last year by men in the streets of New York, under a misapprehension as to their standing, than ever before in her recollection.

No matter how we may blame the unthinking American girl in donning the uniform of her sister of the underworld, or her careless mother in her criminal negligence in permit-

ting her daughter to do so (or, what is sadder still, dressing herself in these styles), the right point of attack is at the source of supply. The Paris dressmaker has become a degenerate, and as such it is time that every decent American woman should leave his designs unbought. Thousands of clean-minded and clear-thinking American women are already doing this, and the steady trend toward American fashions for American women, and the wonderfully rapid spread of the idea throughout the country, are the first awakenings of American womanhood to the right thing to do. Nor is this trend confined to the American woman. The rebuke being administered to Paris, which particularly this summer her dressmakers have felt in a marked falling off in trade, is world-wide. In Milan the dressmakers are united in a campaign for Italian fashions for Italian women; Spain is standing for Spanish fashions for Spanish women; in Berlin a dressmakers' union has established a school for German fashions for German women; the women of the Netherlands have absolutely refused to buy "Paris styles" for over a year, and now comes London in registering an emphatic disapproval of the Paris modes.

In the absolute loss of its once superb art in dress designing, Paris is on the wane, and no one realizes it more clearly than do her own couturiers. So alarmed are these dressmakers over the tide of revolt in America that three of their leaders came over here during the past year "to see what was the matter." The present outburst of indecent dressing from Paris is the last gasp of a vanishing art. Paris, as a fashion center, faces the setting sun.

And never was the time more propitious for the rising of the sun in America in a firm and complete establishment of American fashions for American women. To say that we cannot design our own women's clothes is idle talk. We can. We are rapidly accumulating the historical works in our libraries and the paintings in our galleries to furnish us with the basis for study the same as did the Paris designers of old. And what we have not here, we can send our designers to the Cluny Museum in Paris and to the great art galleries of the world and secure. No race is more acknowledgedly skillful in the art of adaptation than are the Americans, and it is the exercise of this art that is called for in dress designing, since all modern costume

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Editorial Comment

"The Great Adventure"

POETS AND PHILOSOPHERS have, from the beginnings of literature, written courageously and nobly of death. Typically their attitude has been one either of sublime and tragic resignation or of self-conscious and exultant defiance: "O death, where is thy sting?" It has remained for a modern author to deal with the darkness ahead in a spirit of pure, joyous curiosity. "The Great Adventure," LOUISE POND JEWELL calls her little book. It is the life story of one vitally, vividly, expectantly concerned with death as a Great Adventure, the greatest of all possible adventures, the illimitably interesting continuance of this existence.

another golden chamber . . .
Larger than this we leave, and lovelier.

The tale is of the simplest; the fictional biography—not wholly imaginary, one may be permitted to guess—of a girl and woman "who cherished so loyally and wore so gallantly the rags and tatters of life that had been her portion," and, at the end, went out with the plumes of her spirit all afloat in the wind which wafted her over the dark river. Not a religious book, in the ordinary and rather damaging sense of the word, but one all aflame with faith and the valorous virtues. In a love song so fine that modern hymnologists have appropriated part of it to the uses of worship, HORACE sings:

He who his life hath held in fee
To wisdom and high purity
Need fear no shaft from out the dark,
No shipwreck for his spirit bark. . . .

"Integer vitae," indeed, was MRS. JEWELL'S heroine. With every potentiality of tragedy, there is, in the slender volume about her, no single note of melancholy. Gayety and a blithe and tender humor are its special qualities. The lover of life may find in its pages zest and inspiration; he who fears death, a solace and a bulwark; and the believer in the religion of CHRIST as a living verity, a profound realization of His teachings. A book to be read, to be treasured, and to be handed on.

Simple Loyalty

ONE DOES NOT NEED to be a New Yorker to draw inspiration from the letter in which GEORGE MCANENY, one of the candidates for the fusion mayoralty nomination, accepts a nomination for a lesser post. JOHN PURROY MITCHEL is the reformers' choice for Mayor—partly, no doubt, because he is a Democrat in a city normally Democratic. Nominated for the presidency of the Board of Aldermen, a subordinate position, Mr. MCANENY has this to say:

There is but one thing to do. The duty is laid upon me, as it is upon any man who has a chance to help, to help with all my might.

The great thing is to preserve the ground that we have won, to keep on building upon it, and to make honest and efficient government in New York City as nearly a permanent institution as we can. I don't believe that any man who has it within his power to contribute in any way toward the success of an anti-Tammany campaign at such a moment can fail to give all that he has, either of strength or of ability, toward that end. And, I might add, the strength of no man alone can win this fight. The ticket proposed would bring together a union that ought to prove irresistible. I am more than willing to do my share.

CHARLES S. WHITMAN, the District Attorney who, more than any other individual, is responsible for exposing New York's police corruption and sending uniformed lawbreakers to jail, was another candidate for Mayor. Some of his friends in the Republican organization wanted him to run independently after the fusionists preferred Mr. MITCHEL's name to his; and many of his friends, of both parties, regarded him as the man who would poll more votes than anyone else likely to run on any ticket. But, having been nominated by the fusionists to succeed himself as District Attorney, Mr. WHITMAN follows the example of MCANENY in loyally accepting. It is easy to call the action of these New Yorkers in subordinating personal ambition and disappointed pride to their sense of duty a mere living up to their pretensions as good citizens. But it is a rare thing, this living up to one's duty in the face of good excuses!

A Plain Case

SAN FRANCISCO needs a new water supply. The city has outgrown the present supply. Water is hauled in barrels and wagons. Many homes are without sufficient water for bathing. In the new and growing portions of the city it is necessary to leave a spigot turned on at night in order to procure water for the morning meal. These facts are admitted. To cure this the city has a bill before the present

special session of Congress authorizing it to use the Hetch Hetchy Valley as a reservoir. The subject is not a new one. It has been up in Congress before, and has been fully thrashed out. San Francisco has waited patiently. The time is ripe for decision. All the light that can be turned on the subject has been turned on. The only objection to San Francisco's project is that the Hetch Hetchy Valley is one of California's scenic attractions, and the United States Government has reserved it as a pleasure ground. But the proposed reservoir will not destroy the beauty of Hetch Hetchy—the worst that can be said is that it will detract in some respects and add to its beauty in others. California can safely be trusted not to destroy any of its own scenic wonders. The people of San Francisco are perhaps as much interested in maintaining the beauty of Hetch Hetchy as any section of the country; but they ought not to parch in the presence of plenty. The present project has the sanction of the Secretary of the Interior, the Secretary of Agriculture, the head of the Reclamation Service, the head of the Geological Service, the head of the Forest Service, three army engineers, eleven members of Congress from California, and the two United States Senators from that State, as well as the support of so pronounced a conservationist as GIFFORD PINCHOT. The opposition is confined to a small coterie of nature lovers, many of whom are undoubtedly sincere. If San Francisco can secure the use of Hetch Hetchy, the way is clear for its future course, even though the final completion of the work may take years. If it cannot get Hetch Hetchy, a deplorable situation will be prolonged at a time when every well-wisher of public pluck is desirous of lightening the burdens of San Francisco. The good people who are arguing for scenery in this case may not belong in what Mr. ROOSEVELT called "the lunatic fringe," which occupies the outer advance of many reforms, but they do belong to the group of extremists which discredits many good movements in the eyes of sensible people.

"Speech! Speech!"

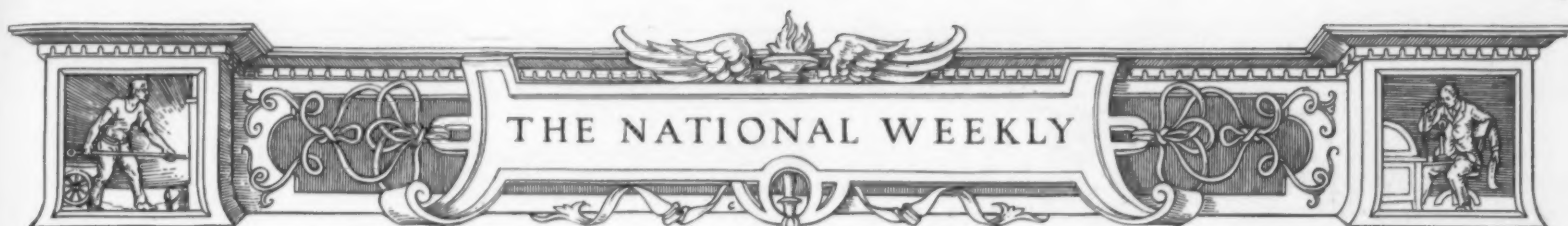
THOSE ALL-WISE Eastern conservatives who have been quick to ridicule the progressive States of the West every time a dispatch mentioned the word "recall" are herewith requested to take the floor. Point out to us, please, the superiority of impeachment—the time-honored method now in operation in New York. Some of the same Standpatters who loudly guffawed at San Francisco for spending \$30,000 to recall a police judge are cordially invited to estimate how much the rumpus at Albany is costing the State each day in time and money and general disorganization of public business. Much breath and ink has been wasted insulting the common sense of the average American by warning him that he isn't fitted to exercise the recall with intelligence. But why is BOSS MURPHY, speaking through his squad of trained legislators, to be regarded as any better qualified to cast an unbiased vote on a question of removing New York's Governor than the citizens who voted that official into office?

Sir Edward Grey and Achilles

ENGLAND, we learn, may reconsider her decision not to be represented in the Panama-Pacific Exposition. We decline to dwell on the reasons for the decision or the reasons for the change. We can only add that even for ACHILLES was it unbecoming to sulk within the tent, and SIR EDWARD GREY would ill serve his country or his own solid fame in emulation of ACHILLES.

Life or Death?

CANCER is the most justly dreaded of diseases. Strangely enough, in spite of its alarming increase and the universal terror which it inspires, less purposeful consideration has hitherto been given to it than to any other important problem of public health. The general ignorance of the subject is appalling when one considers that out of every ten middle-aged Americans one dies by its slow and agonizing doom; doubly appalling in the light of the known fact that a large proportion of the victims could be saved, either by preventive or curative measures, if they but knew how. The American Society for the Control of Cancer has recently been organized by a number of public-spirited men and women, with the main purpose of popular education on this vital topic. The public is to be taught three fundamental truths: First, that cancer is in the majority of cases curable if taken in the early stages; second, that quacks and mistaken enthusiasts to the contrary notwithstanding, the knife is the only known cure; and,



as a corollary to these two propositions, third, that prompt diagnosis and immediate recourse to a skillful surgeon on the first suspicion of cancer means a highly probable saving of life, whereas neglect means inevitable death. "Ah," says Cynicus, "another scheme of the surgeons to extract fat fees." The Baltimore "News," in a convincing editorial, refutes this oft-repeated superstition:

As for the allegation, sure to be made by the rogues and vagabonds of medicine, that the surgeons undertake this campaign for their own profit, it is scarcely worth serious answer. If you have cancer, you may be sure they will get you, soon or late. After you have been tortured by caustics a dreadful space, you will land upon the operating table at last, and the fee you pay will not be the less because the labor you demand is the more. No; the surgeons will not be in pocket by this campaign. All they will get out of it will be the satisfaction of doing better work and of saving more human lives.

For the laborious work of investigation and tabulation, of circulating educational matter and of general propaganda, the society needs funds. Checks may be sent to HOWARD BAYNE, treasurer, 60 Broadway, New York City. No other movement for the public weal deserves more hearty support. In this cause your dollar may well mean the difference between life and death to sufferers of whom you have never even heard.

Justice

A NEGRO, WILLIAM REDDING, spent some time and money in a "blind tiger" in the town where he sometimes worked—Americus, Ga. He left the place intoxicated. REDDING was soon involved in a quarrel with other negroes, and, when the smoke cleared, the list of injured was as follows:

Chief of Police WILLIAM C. BARROW, fatally wounded.
DANIEL SALLINGS, colored, fatally wounded.
MORRIS ALLEN, colored, shot in the arm.
Unidentified negro, scalp wounds.

REDDING himself received several pistol shots, and was later hanged by a mob. When the first rope by which he was strung up broke, a second was brought into play. We take these facts from an Atlanta newspaper; they speak for themselves. The newspaper was sent to us by a Southerner born and bred, a journalist. Says our correspondent:

It occurs to me in the sickening horror of such cases that the mob fails to get the right man. Instead of the negro, with his wits stolen away and his mild nature brutalized by the poison, it should have been the man who sold him the "blind-tiger" whisky who paid the price. The reporter on this story missed the meat in it: the brand of liquor sold to the lynched negro; the distiller of the stuff; the man who illegally sold it.

Another Southern reader adds more to the same purport. When his fellow citizens hang, shoot, or burn, he writes:

They should also send a posse up to Louisville to lynch the manufacturer of "nigger gin," whose villainous product and libidinous literature robbed the poor black of reason. It would not take more than one or two such lynchings to make the commercializing of the Southern negro's passions decidedly unpopular.

This second suggestion is not offered by COLLIER's correspondent as a practical program. The abolition of lynching, not its extension, is our desire. Yet so far as justice goes, there would be more of it in hanging the manufacturer of bottled crime than ever there was in torturing his ignorant victims. Society is an organization of men and women to further the best interests of the mass. How long will society stand for the stimulation of rape and murder for money?

Outside and Inside

E DITORS assert as a theory that there is a peculiarly malicious imp of mischance who presides over the "make-up" of newspapers, and adjusts printed matter in the most unhappy juxtapositions. Doubtless that evil genius is responsible for the obverse and reverse of a clipping from the "American Tribune" of Newark, Ohio, recently mailed to this office. On the outside appears this glib claim:

RELIABLE ADVERTISEMENTS

No objectionable advertisements of any kind are admitted for publication in the "American Tribune." We believe that every advertisement in the "American Tribune" is trustworthy. In dealing with advertisers our readers may be confident that they will be fairly and squarely treated in every case. We shall be glad to have readers report any experience to the contrary.

On the inside is an advertisement headed "Tricks Doctor to Save Him," which recounts how a physician (unnamed) was cured of Bright's disease by a nostrum, Fulton's Renal Compound, secretly administered by a friend. Bright's disease is incurable by any medicine. Fulton's Renal Compound is a notorious fake. Yet the editor of the "American Tribune," with his smug asseverations of virtue, accepts money for the

dissemination of its claims. "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" wrote an author not wholly unread to-day; "for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess." At least two of the characterizations in this passage seem to fit, with peculiar applicability, the scribe of the "American Tribune." The outside of his journalistic cup is in marked contrast to the inside. Also his implied opinion of his readers, as too stupid or too careless to penetrate his hypocrisy, is a dangerous theory nowadays. The American newspaper subscriber is learning how to read both sides of his paper.

Illiteracy

S TATISTICS are not always dull. Wilkes County, North Carolina, reports that illiteracy has decreased from 13 per cent in 1900 to 2 per cent in 1912. The educators responsible for a betterment like that in Wilkes County are making history as truly as any of their ancestors did who fought for North or South in the Civil War.

The Wild West

W HEN WE WERE MUCH YOUNGER the Wild West gave us our most delicious goose flesh. African and Arctic adventure charmed our imagination, "Marco Polo" made a wonderful Sunday book, but it was our own American pioneers, the mountain men who toiled with ax and battled with rifle to carry the East into the West, these and the Indians they fought with, who were our heroes. When we played outdoors we played Indians, and invented dramas of border life in the patch of woods just off the old post road which parallels the railway line. WILLIAM F. CODY—"Buffalo Bill"—was meanwhile evolving a more elaborate pageant of border life, staging in his big tents not the aborigines alone, but cowboys, stage-coach holdups, and all the rest of it. And now, after prospering for years—decades, even—after addressing its appeal to the young and old of this nation and all the other nations, too, the Buffalo Bill show has failed. A change has come over us. Newer triumphs have obscured the triumph of the pioneers over wild nature. Small boys read less, and probably dream not at all, of the old contest between redskin and paleface. They find FENIMORE COOPER dull. They are absorbed by baseball, by mechanical toys like the motor cycle, the motor boat, the motor car, the aeroplane; but they lack the historical imagination. We are sorry; and so, no doubt, is Buffalo Bill.

A Neglected Art

A LL OF US have striven to be many kinds of good citizen that we never became. The most matter-of-fact man in town likely as not has tried his hand at verse making, or taken lessons on the mandolin, or furtively attempted an oration with pebbles in his mouth. This, of course, is as it should be, since it is the method of discovering true talent as well as the lack of it. But, for all our industry, not a few of us have missed things we might have done well. How many of the daughters of men, who will faithfully practice singing with throats never meant for song, could become an everlasting joy to their friends if they would apply themselves with half the zeal to the art of reading aloud? A lamentable constraint seizes upon many otherwise gracious persons when they undertake to do this simple thing. The Fifth Reader was the last fair practice they had. We may have a hopeless time emulating the charm and wit the acquaintances of STEVENSON, for example, admired in his conversation, but we can reflect a little of them, on occasion, in reading sympathetically from his books. A sick room, evenings at home, even lovers' meetings, may be enriched and enlivened by wise exercise of the accomplishment.

A Wish of the Grown-up

I F WE COULD BUT RECOVER the naïveté of children (that first-hand way of seeing persons as if they had sprung up out of the ground and were standing like fresh flowers to be looked upon with wonder), and if we could have again those simple words with which children tell their thoughts, the concrete words, making a picture, revealing motion and emotion—no words like "function," "social consciousness," none of the phrases with which we hide our vagueness: "The man jumped up"; "I told you so"; "My dolly's dress is torn"; "JENNIE had a nosebleed, and she cried and cried"! His fate would be happy, the writer's, who could keep that vivid simplicity, the noun that described a person or a thing, and not a state of mind, and then could use it on the larger world, more richly peopled, of his older days.



Judge Tague of Redcliff

MRS. LYDIA BERKELEY TAGUE has two distinctions of which she is pardonably proud. She is accredited the best bread baker in Redcliff, Colo., and is the only woman in the country to hold the post of county judge.



A Record Dash around the World

By steamers and trains, tugs and yachts and a hydroaeroplane, John Henry Mearns, starting from the office of the New York Evening Sun, July 2, circled the globe in the record time of 35 days, 21 hours, and 35 minutes. Our flashlight photograph was taken just as the race ended.



Among Japanese actors of the old school it is yet the custom to have men play all the parts. This young man is "made up" for the role of a mourning widow.



If John Purroy Mitchel, who at 34 is Fusion's candidate for Mayor of New York, takes Tammany's scalp, he will be acclaimed mighty among tiger hunters.

"The Proper Study of Mankind—"

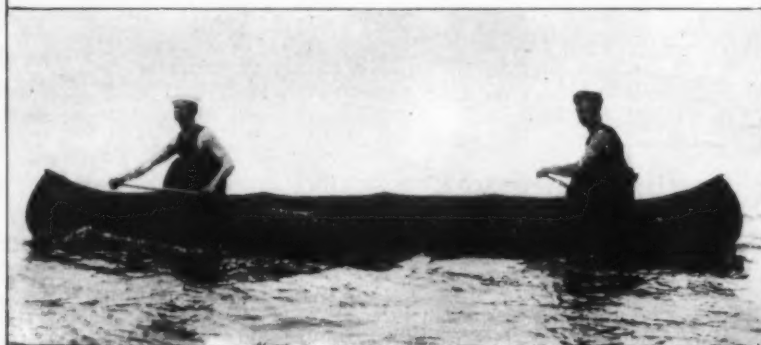
As a warning not to take Pope's epigram in too narrow a sense, the gallery includes her Honor from Colorado



A Cup Brimming with Yellowbacks

BASEBALL fans of the District of Columbia celebrated the sixth anniversary of Walter Johnson's appearance with the Washington club by presenting to the star pitcher a

\$500 loving cup filled to the brim with \$650 worth of \$10 bills. He then proceeded to pitch his twenty-fifth victory of the season. He had lost only five games in the year.



From Seattle to Alaska by Canoe

FOR seven weeks Arthur Simpson and Forrest Clark of the San Diego Yacht Club paddled a canvas-covered sengoing canoe along the Pacific Coast northward from Seattle. When the trip ended they had traveled 1,300 miles and were in Skagway, Alaska. The canoe was

an Indian model, 18 feet long, and constructed with a high protected deck, much like that of an Eskimo kayak, to protect the crew from breaking seas. The weight of the equipment was approximately 200 pounds. The canoe itself weighed 75 pounds, and the passengers 300.



Blooded Racers on a Cinder Track

TWO of the sprinters in this snapshot are German princes and three are plain military men. The picture was taken at the annual

field day of the First Regiment of Infantry Guards. Prince Sigismund is third from the left. Prince Frederick Karl is at the extreme right.

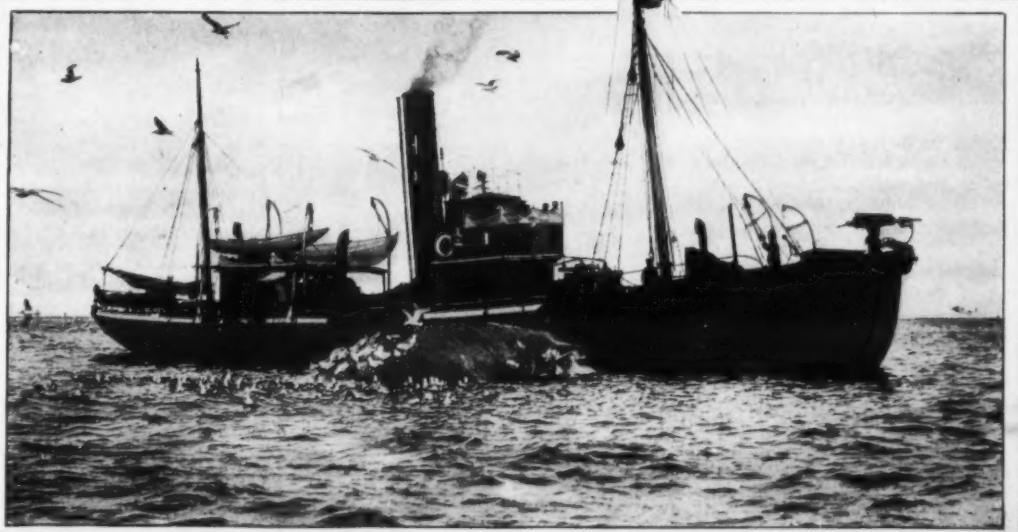


Modernizing One of the Oldest Trades of the Sea

THE industry of whaling is at least 1,000 years old, but that the quality of picturesqueness has not yet departed from it is evident in the accompanying snapshots collected on a recent whaling voyage in the North Atlantic. The upper picture, of petrels following the ship for shreds of whale, probably shows as many of Mother Carey's chickens and as wonderful a sunset as the pioneers of the trade ever beheld four centuries before Columbus. The other photographs, descriptive rather than picturesque, show a good type of modern steam whaler in action.



Cutting off a tail to facilitate in towing



Whaler towing a giant sperm whale. The harpoon gun, ready to fire, shows in silhouette at the bow. At the left: A closer view of the harpoon gun. The harpoon itself weighs more than 100 pounds



A figure leaned there a grim figure, bearded, streaked with red. It stood propped feebly against the jamb, slack armed. But one wrist was flexed

A Daniel Come to Judgment

By John Edward Russell

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT

SOMEbody grabbed him by the arm and pointed. "There's the scab's got your machine, Dan!" Dan Garth stood tiptoe, following the line of the outthrust finger with a swift glance. His swart, hard face gave no sign of the leaping wave of exultation within him as his avid eyes picked out the man.

Quietly he edged through the hooting, elbowing crowd, which seethed like turbulent waters against the blue-uniformed barrier about the factory and the marshaled strike breakers. Once free of the throng, he headed downtown against a nippy, raw wind with a gray hint of snow behind it.

He knew that man, that scab, and his veins sang with the knowledge. Police escorts and the calculated doubling and twisting by which these rats crept to their secret holes at night need no longer baffle him. One rat he could trace without trailing; one scab he could run to earth blindfold—by grim chance the very scab to whom he owed the bitterest grudge.

Meanwhile he must have food. He jammed his fists deep into his pockets and held his way with the lithe, muscled swing that days of semistarvation had not quite slackened. In one fist lay a single coin, a scant loan from a more fortunate comrade, the potential half of a meal.

HE SLID furtively into the alley back of a newspaper office. It was enemy's country. Circulation managers had learned that strikers were selling papers, running the streets for pennies, and they refused stock to grown men.

From behind a truck he enviously watched the hustling newsboys, favored youngsters hurrying from the rear doors with bundles of evening editions under their arms. He kicked the truck wheels for warmth and awaited the chance that might aid him. His head was singing with weakness. He must have money—enough for one more hot meal.

A small boy limped past, whistling, headed toward those rear doors. Garth halted.

The boy paused and turned a drawn but fearless little face. He was a very small boy. His garments flapped with summery freedom upon his tiny person in the keen wind. Garth noted why he had limped. His left foot was cased in a thick, misshapen shoe—a club foot. He cocked a cheerfully skeptical eye at Garth. Garth held out the coin.

"Will y'—get me some papers, sonny?" he asked, hesitantly; and instantly felt shamed in his eagerness that he, the big, deep-chested, strong-bodied man, should so hang upon the good will of a pygmy.

The boy took in the situation with the sharp perception of gambliness; divined, too, the utter helplessness of this adult suppliant. His pinched lips widened in a grin, the satiric grin of premature poise.

"Pretty rough times out at the works, eh?" he inquired, with confident familiarity.

Garth nodded. He was no hand with children.

"Ain't begged to git yer job back, have y'?"

"No," said Garth.

"Some of 'm did—'n' got it in the neck," said the boy. "Served 'm right."

Again Garth nodded. The boy considered him further.

"Will you get me a bundle?" repeated Garth.

"They passed the word," answered the boy, nodding toward the newspaper office. "No more big guys c'n git to handle papers."

Garth's outstretched hand fell to his side.

"Besides," added the youngster, with a note of truculence, "when you big stiff's knock the trade, where do we reg'ler guys come in?"

Garth thrust his fist back into his pocket with a shrug and turned away.

"Hol' on." The boy took a limping step after him. Garth waited.

"Can't ye do nothin' to raise some grub?"

"No."

The youngster enjoyed his moment of power to the full, and then, in a quick transition, a smile of perfect friendliness curved his little mouth.

"Shell out, bo," he commanded, with a patronizing nod. "I'll see what I c'n do for y'."

He took the coin and disappeared into the circulation room, to dart out again presently carrying a thin sheaf of papers.

Garth started forward, but was checked by a strange contortion of the small Samaritan's face, a wink of vast cunning. Garth followed. The boy awaited him in a sheltered doorway.

"For cripes sake, ain't ye got no sense?" he demanded, severely. "If them guys seen me pass them papes to ye, they wouldn't gimme no more."

He peeped out into the street with the air of a conspirator and smuggled the papers hastily into Garth's hands.



The big strong man with the dark sullen face, with murder but now in his veins, fell upon his knees at the side of the cot

"Here—now ye're fixed," he observed, with satisfaction. "Now rustle 'm. Say—where y' goin' to work?"

"I thought—the railway station," answered Garth, submitting the suggestion with a full sense of inferiority.

The youngster considered with downdrawn lip.

"Well, y' might do worse," he admitted. "Hop to it. And say, bo. Don't fergit t' talk it up, see? That's the trouble w' ye big stiff's. Y' ain't no good on th' yell."

Garth took his way soberly to the station and began to offer his wares. Customers were scarce at this hour. Had they been plentiful they would hardly have competed to drip coppers into the hand of this stalwart, sullen-faced newsboy. Folk with a cent to

spend for two cents' worth of paper and twenty pages of reading matter like to feel that the payment is dedicated in some part to the hallowed cause of charity.

Dan Garth was not a cripple, a dwarf, nor an infant. He exhibited no malformations. He offered no claim upon the sympathy of the passer-by. And he was a sad failure at "talking it."

"'Evening Star,'" he croaked hoarsely a few times. And gave it up, standing mute and flushed.

Rebellion surged within him. He was a man. His muscles were full and vigorous, his blood was rich and sweet, his eye keen, his brain swift, all to one end—that he might perform the work that was his mission and his right. In his fingers was the dainty touch of a duchess, in his arm dwelt the force of a steam hammer. Trained, perfected, and—useless, waiting like a beggar for the coppers of the charitable.

HIS eyes grew moist, not with self-pity but with pure rage. His purpose took new impetus. Some one should pay for this. There was the man who had taken his place, who had driven him to scramble for pennies with children. There was the scab.

If only he could get that bit of money! The deathly weakness of starvation was close upon him now. He must get it.

"'Evening Star,'" he growled again, and so far prevailed upon a countryman awaiting his train as to sell a paper.

Toward the rush hour crowds of homegoers began to swarm through the gates. But Garth was too maladroit to profit. The stream passed him by and he had at last to meet the miserable fact that he had lost even his trifling stake. He owned four coppers—and a sheaf of unsold papers. His plunge had brought disaster. He had been a fool. Starvation waited; and his mind went sliding into desperate channels.

There was a touch on his arm.

"Well, cull, how goes?" piped a small voice.

Garth looked down dazedly, snatched from dark brooding. It was the boy, the clubfoot. He was carrying an armful of papers.

"Cripes!" he exclaimed, gauging Garth's bundle with expert eyes. "Couldn't ye do no better'n that? Y' ain't sold hardly none!"

"No," said Garth, dully.

A sudden spurt of lofty scorn exalted the small master.

"Here!" He dropped his own papers against the wall and with a deft scoop gathered Garth's bundle to himself. "You can't do nothin'. Never see such a stiff. Watch me!"

Straightway he plunged into the crowd, raising a shrill battle cry. Garth watched, half irritated, half fascinated. The tiny merchant seemed possessed of an uncanny and terrific vitality. He was here and there, hither and yon and back again in a breath, managing the pitifully deformed foot as nimbly as the sound one. He wiggled in and out of the throng like an eel, waving a sheet under every nose, saluting every ear with his challenge, spotting three customers while he made change for one, bringing smiles from abstracted brokers and fired clerks with his dexterity and his impudent clamor. When he returned the last of Garth's papers had been sold.

"But hold on," objected Garth, stammering, as his sales agent counted him the receipts with grubby, meticulous hand. "How about yourself, sonny?"

"Fergit it," was the flippant response. "Y' ain't got no job, have y', ye big stiff? G'wan and feed y'r face. Ye need it."

Garth stood awkwardly by while the youngster gathered up his own bundle. The boy's mood was disconcerting.

"Can't I—help you?" he asked.

"Help me!" The answer was a jibe. "You'd help a lot—I don't t'ink."

Garth still tried awkwardly to arrange the bundle. "G'wan," said the youngster, eluding him. "Beat-it now. I got to work these editions off before th' rush quits."

And shifting his pose of cynical efficiency for another upward grin of friendly good humor, he plunged once more into the fray, hopping briskly on his twisted foot.

It occurred to Garth that he had not even thanked this diminutive benefactor. He would have followed the lad to say something, he knew not what—some rough word of what it meant to him. In sober truth, he was near to owing his life to the boy. But he was no hand with children. He hesitated a moment, then left the station and headed for Coffee John's.

IT WAS dark when he slouched out of the greasy little restaurant, filled to repletion, warmed, strengthened, and nerved to his task. He knew where to go. He knew exactly where to find his rat.

A week before, wandering aimlessly in the outskirts of the town to kill an hour before union meeting, he had jostled a man who came hurrying around a corner with a froth-topped pall of beer. The stranger had cursed him fluently before turning in at a rickety garden gate. By the arc light Garth had noted a dark, scowling face with dusty brown beard, a square, heavy-set frame, and shoulders like a rocking beam.

It was this man who had been pointed out to him among the strike breakers—the man who stood at his machine on scab's pay.

He found the garden gate and the little lopsided, one-story shack behind. Catfooted, he glided through the dark to the rear. The back door was ajar. Light showed from within. His hand slid into his coat pocket. When he brought it out again the fist was ribbed with a narrow, scalloped bit of brass.

Garth was without fear, without compunction, in what he meant to do. All his way of thought, all his mode of feeling, all the social training of his life had tended to one fixed belief, that the enemies of banded workers were vermin, not men, to be dealt with as prowling, noxious things of prey. He barred them from his scheme of right and wrong. It was no crime to kill a scab. A householder may slay a burglar who comes to steal his substance. The scab came to steal the bread of life from such as Garth.

AND to this scab, whom he meant to "get," he planned his whole grievance. Here was the definite personification of the ruthless system that robbed him of his rightful work, drove him into the street, starved him, flouted him, humbled his manhood, and sent him to grovel for pennies.

Garth stood on the threshold in the shadow of the half-opened door. He looked within. The room was a kitchen, small and bare, dimly lighted from a whistling gas jet. At a rusty stove in the far corner a big bearded man whirled a smoking skillet that sang

to the crackle of fat. His back was turned. He was alone.

Garth gave the door a heavy thrust and strode forward. Garth meant killing, not fighting. He had come to deal with a rat, not a man. But even so, he could not strike unawares or from behind.

The bearded man whirled at the crash, staring with startled eyes. Garth paused before him, face aflame, body tensed and eager.

"I got you—ye damn scab!" he rasped, hoarsely.

Swift as thought the hot skillet was swept from the stove and smashed against the side of his head. He reeled, half stunned, shrinking as the boiling



"For cripes sake, ain't ye got no sense?" he demanded, severely. "If them guys seen me pass them papes to ye, they wouldn't gimme no more"

grease bit into neck and shoulder. Then, with a brute roar of fury, he leaped from bent knees, lashing back with a frenzied swing of his right arm. The brass knuckles cut the strike breaker across the temple

with the crunching force of the fist full behind it and he went down by the stove like a stricken tree, arms asprawl.

Half mad with pain and battle, Garth crouched over the fallen man, ready at a move to repeat the blow. But the body quivered and lay still. Breathing deep, glutted with vengeance, Garth snatched a towel from the sink and sopped the grease from his coat, still glaring down at his victim. Then, taking thought of his own safety, he turned out the gas and put away his brass knuckles.

The front of the house was faintly lighted. He stepped over the body to the connecting door and looked through. It was a living room, scantily furnished, with two cots, a crazy chair, garments on pegs.

He was still standing there, undecided whether to return the way he had come or to leave boldly by the street when a latch clicked sharply somewhere. He started, peering through the gloom before and behind.

"Hello!" chirped a voice.

It caught Garth tensed for a backward leap and held him transfixed. By the bead of light in the front room he made out a small figure just within the entrance.

"Hello—you." The figure advanced with scraping step. "Well, jiminy if it ain't the big stiff. What 'cher doin' here?"

GARTH stood in the doorway, paralyzed, staring. It was the boy! The childfoot!

"Come t' see the old man?" asked the urchin.

A sound rose in Garth's throat—a strange sound. The boy shoved the chair to the wall beneath the gas jet. Climbing, he turned the light to a full flare.

"Y' say y' come t' see the old man?" He got to the floor again and approached Garth confidently, tossing his cap to a cot.

Garth moved so as to fill the doorway between the rooms with his bulk, staring down stupidly at the smiling little face.

"Old man?" he repeated, hoarsely. "You mean—your old man?"

"Sure, he's my old man. This is where we hang out. Didn't y' come t' see him?"

"Is—is he a big man—with a beard?"

"Sure, that's him."

"Your father!"

"Yep. Say—what's bitin' y' anyhow?"

Garth caught the jamb of the door with a spasmodic grip. Whatever came, the boy must not enter the kitchen, must not—must not! He passed a shaking hand over his face.

"Oo—gee!" exclaimed the youngster suddenly. "Look—et! Oo look—et! Y' cut y'self!"

He pointed with eager finger at the man's hand.

Garth held it before him, blanching. Across the back of that hand ran a smudge of bright crimson, the mark of new, warm blood. But the blood came from no wound upon his body. (Continued on page 31)

The Doings of the Cynic

By Ed Cahn

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. GLACKENS

"HEY, Butterfield!" called Captain Ashton. "Yessir!" replied that worthy from the end of the hall.

"Yuh busy?"

"Won't be in a minute, Cap."

"Aw ri! hurry up then."

Butterfield hastened his footsteps a trifle, knocked discreetly at a door, was bidden in, and entered. He presently emerged and shuffled up to his superior officer, his soiled side towel flung negligently over one shoulder and his empty tray dangling from one hand. "Yessir?"

"Are them people apt to ring again?" inquired Ashton, getting out of his chair.

"Nope. He's tellin' her the story of his wicked past, an' judgin' from the other times I've heard 'im tell it to other girls, he'll be too busy to order again for a hour," quoth Butterfield.

"All right. Watch the board fer me fer a while, will you, Butterchips? I'm goin' in to No. 17. Tip me the wink if the old man comes smellin' around, will you?"

"Sure, Cap," agreed Butterfield, sinking into the Captain's chair just outside the cashier's window and leaning his head back against the wall. Ashton left to spend a pleasant half hour with his friends in No. 17, leaving Butterfield to attend to his work, and, if need be, keep him from losing his job in case it should be discovered that he had deserted his post.

Butterfield slipped his hands into his pockets and stared idly down the hall. A sound of subdued weeping behind him made him lift his head and listen, and then he slid quietly out of his chair and peered in at the cashier's window.

Miss Mercier sat before a sheet of figures, a heap of blue-penciled checks beside her, crying.

Butterfield's red-lidded eyes rested upon the meal checks and the sheet of figures. His flabby, yellow face took on a grim expression, he licked his thin lips, hesitated, and finally spoke. "How much you short, kid?"

THE girl sat up with a start. "How do you know I'm short?" she demanded, dabbing away at her tear-stained face with a grimy handkerchief.

The waiter grinned. "Say, kid, I'm too old a bird not to know the signs." He reached in and picked up the sheet before she could prevent it.

"Humph, your checks call fer \$72.90, an' you got to turn in \$75 in change, an' all you got is \$142.90. You're \$5 behind—\$5 even. Am I right?"

"Yes," murmured Miss Mercier dolefully.

"Who got the \$5?"

"I—I—don't know," she answered slowly.

"But you got a hunch?" Butterfield read it in her face.

"Well, er—er, I don't know where it could have gone

to unless—I—accidentally gave somebody \$5 too much or somebody gave me \$5 too little."

"Accident'ly!" sniffed Butterfield—"accident'ly is good. Come on now, kid, if you got any idea who copped that coin on you, lemme know an' I'm the ruffian that'll git it away from 'im." Miss Mercier bit her lips to keep from voicing a suspicion and said, finally, that she had no idea at all who could have cheated her.

"Well," yawned Butterfield, "I give myself one guess who's got it—it's old Lorraine. I heard him givin' you the rush act to-night an' I seen him hand you a \$5 chunk of gold."

She gave a gasp of recollection and rapidly shuffled over her checks.

"Find one that calls for five even?"

She nodded.

"Bet a pickle it's Lorraine's."

Again she nodded.

"Remember what he paid in? Was it a ten?"

She wrinkled her forehead and answered: "No, but I think—" She opened her cash drawer and inspected its contents. "There is not a gold piece here, but that proves nothing. I've made lots of change to-night and I was rushed to death. I don't know what I gave to anyone. Butterfield, it's unjust to suspect Lorraine. Why, he's an old man! He wouldn't rob me on purpose!"

The cynical old waiter at the window laughed out-

right. "Oh, he wouldn't, eh? I'd hate to trust him alone in the same room with 15 cents. That ol' geezer'd steal the gold out of his mother's back teeth. He's the bird all right. Pah! Him an' his seedy ol' clothes an' his pathetic air! He's a fake, an' he's got your five bones, you kin take it from me."

"Butterfield, what makes you so suspicious?"

"Life in general, kid; life in general. The first thing a waiter learns is that unless he wants to starve to death, he's got to be just like Caesar's wife—awful suspicious."

The cashier smiled faintly and took her purse off the nail.

"Watcha doin'?"

"Looking to see if I have enough to make this up."

"Make it up nothin'! I'll tend to that fer you." And Butterfield called to Gresh to come and relieve him. Then he hurried down the hall to the room where the other waiters were lounging between bells, and, after darting one keen look at old Lorraine, said briefly: "Say, boys, some skunk has done Miss Mercier out of five. She's cryin' an' tryin' to find the coin to make it up in that dinky little ol' purse of hers."

"Hell!" exclaimed Frawley and Manners in concert, and plunged eager fingers into their trousers pockets. Maloney did likewise, after breathing a pious prayer that he might have the pleasure of breaking every big and little bone in the thief's body.

Butterfield tossed a \$1 bill on to the table. Maloney added \$2 more in silver; Frawley, cursing a night's poor business, added some 70 cents in dimes and nickels, and Manners added 95 cents and turned his pockets inside out.

LORRAINE sat in his corner watching the proceedings with half-shut eyes. His thin, white hair, his worn and shiny clothing, and a sort of furtive tremulousness invariably gained the sympathy of his customers and brought him many a dollar. He was known by Butterfield to be the sole owner of a block of highly valuable flat buildings, and now his silent refusal to contribute so much as a cent to the little fund on the table was doubly irritating to that usually calm gentleman.

"Hey, Lorraine!" he said in his hoarse whisper. "Wake up an' chip in! There ain't \$5 here, an' Gresh outside is dead broke."

"Tell it to the marines," said Lorraine.

"Aw, come on," urged Manners. "Miss Mercier only makes seven per. How can she afford to make it up? Kick in, Lorraine, an' shame the gutter pup that gouged her."

Lorraine drew his cunning old face into a sly grin. "Don't be so sure she is gouged. I think, if you ask me, that she is gouging you. The missing five is probably at this moment stuck in her stocking."

"Cut it out!" ordered Maloney, roughly. "Miss Mercier is on the dead level."

The old man opened his mouth to speak, but Butterfield gave him such a steady look that he thought better of it, and, smiling his coolest, he subsided into his corner again and prepared to resume his nap.

Butterfield counted the money and left, remarking that he guessed he could raise the rest somewhere.

Six words to Gresh produced the desired results and he took it to the astonished cashier. "Here's your money, kid, an' best regards from the boys."

Miss Mercier sprang to her feet and gazed at him in astonishment. "Where did you get it? Did he own up?"

"Never you mind; 'tain't polite to ask questions."

"I know. Oh, thanks, but—but—what do you mean by regards from the boys? I couldn't take their money! Why should they have to pay for my blunders? I can't take it."

BUTTERFIELD looked at her and decided that she was one of those people whom he considered foolishly scrupulous. Clearly, he must proceed with caution or else be haunted for a week with the thought of little Miss Mercier living on \$2, while the other \$5 of her wage went to make up the shortage, and Lorraine's bank roll grew by that much.

"You got a very bad habit of jumpin' down a conclusion's neck head first, Miss Mercier—conclusions which are away off. You don't wanna ferret that you're green at this business yet, an' there's a whole lot you ain't wised up to," he said slowly and impressively. "This here ain't the boys' money, it's your money. I can't be tellin' a lady how boys does in these here cases, but if you ain't never ketched me in no lies you can take it from me that this here money is yours. We caught on to who pinched it off you an' we got it back. What more do you want?"

Butterfield's face now wore an injured expression and Miss Mercier, between relief and gratitude, was



"Dig!" commanded Butterfield, advancing the fist, and then Lorraine dug up a \$5 gold piece from the bottom of his trousers pocket

too excited to notice any lack of logic in the explanation. She accepted the money with a smile, but her thanks were interrupted by the appearance of a waiter for change and a call from the telephone, so Butterfield made his escape unthanked to his very great relief.

He was conveniently deaf later on when she called him, and Ashton himself seemed unable to locate him when, after turning the whole

thing over in her mind and getting nothing more than "I dunno what you're talkin' about" and a blank stare from every waiter that came to the window, she decided that Butterfield had paid the loss out of his own pocket and generously and shamelessly lied about it.

It grew late; a storm came up which spoiled business for the rest of the evening, and Ashton, obligingly blind, let the weary waiters beguile the time with a game of poker. Butterfield had suggested it and played with his usual ill luck for an hour; then, when Lorraine was confident that all the money in sight belonged to him, Butterfield had a run of luck and cleaned him out.

"Gosh, Buttercup," whined the old man peevishly. "I'll have to see you in the morning; I'm broke."

For answer, Butterfield reached over and dragged Lorraine out of his chair by the collar. "Ch, no, you don't, you ol' faker!" He shook him roughly, while the other boys looked on unmoved.

"Maybe you can fool that poor little girl in there, you insect, but ol' Butterfield wants the five you owe him now! Pungle!" He prodded the unhappy Lorraine in the ribs and set him down in his chair, none too gently. Then he stuck his freckled and hairy fist in the trembling rascal's face and earnestly promised to alter his facial appearance to a marked degree if the five was not immediately forthcoming.

Maloney, unable to restrain himself, interrupted with: "Never mind the five bones, Butterscotch; beat it out of his hide, and if there's anything left of him I'll put on the finishing touches myself."

Seeing that they meant business, Lorraine fumbled in the change pocket of his jacket and drew out a handful of silver. "It's all I got," he whined.



"Confound your impudence, waiter! Who told you to open the door?" The little girl was crouching against the wall, her face pale and her eyes wide with terror

"Dig!" commanded Butterfield, advancing the fist, and then Lorraine dug up a \$5 gold piece from the bottom of his trousers pocket.

"Aha!" cried Butterfield, pouncing upon it. "I thought you had it, you cradle snatcher."

A glance of understanding went round the table, and only the opportune voice of Captain Ashton, announcing that there was a bell for Lorraine, saved him

from hearing some very uncomplimentary remarks. Butterfield spun the coin toward Gresh. "Say, boy, scoot down to the main dinin' room an' get the cashier to change this; we'll divvy up."

"I ain't goin' away down there," said Gresh. "I guess Miss Mercier can change it fer me." But the quicker-witted Maloney had already seized it and was pattering down the stairs.

When he came back, Butterfield returned to each man the amount he had contributed toward making good Miss Mercier's deficit, and then they fell to matching nickels.

"Butterfield!" called Ashton, wearily. "New party; No. 10; git a move on!"

"Right, sir, right," answered Butterfield, and at the door he turned back to say: "Boys, put daisies on my grave."

"Watcha mean?"

"Nothin', only Lorraine's gunnin' fer me from now on."

IN No. 10 he found the new guests. One was the most notorious rake in the city, and the other a very young girl, just graduated from a business college, whom Butterfield chanced to know by sight.

He took the man's order for supper and champagne, and at the same time a comprehensive look into the already half-frightened eyes of the poor little fly in the spider's toils.

When he left the room, which was to be the scene of the conflict between virtuous ignorance and vicious guile, he left the door slightly ajar, but before he had gone ten feet he heard it close decisively, and if anything had been needed to assure him of the rake's intentions, that was sufficient.

Butterfield, cynical in most things, had never grown so callous as to view such a case with indifference, and since he felt that this little girl was still all that she ought to be, and knew the man to be all that men call vile, he was troubled to such an extent that he got the supper together in record time and hustled up the hard flight of stairs leading from the kitchen and along the hall as though his life depended upon speed.

Arriving at No. 10, he paused outside the door and listened, but all he heard was a nervous laugh from the girl. He knocked then, and entered instantly. Instead of waiting the interval Maxmum's rules expressly ordered.

The man looked up with a frown of annoyance, and Butterfield saw him withdraw the hand that had taken that of the girl unwilling prisoner. He saw an uneasy look in the girl's face and read design in the very manner in which her companion poured a brimming glass for her.

Lorraine, his old face full of crafty animosity, was loitering in the hall when he came out, so Butterfield did not linger near the door, as he had meant to do. Instead, he strolled up to Miss Mercier's window.

When she saw him she began to thank him for his kindness about her deficit, but he cut her short with:

"That's all right. Don't thank me; thank the boys."

"But the boys all say thank you."

"ALL right, kid, if you want to thank me, help me out. I'm goin' to maybe bring a lady in here. All you got to do is tell her everything's all O. K. if she does as she's told. You might tell her that nobody comes up here to eat in them private rooms 'ceptin' when they've got chaperones—see? She is up here with a rare ol' bad egg—see?"

"Yes, I see."

"All right. Now phone for a carriage for one lady. Give 'em some fake name—say it's for Miss—Hull; that sounds good. Tell 'em to take Miss Hull to her home an' to come back here fer the pay. You O. K. the call, will you, kid?"

"Of course I will, gladly." And Miss Mercier turned to the telephone exchange.

Butterfield walked back to No. 10, and as Lorraine had disappeared, applied his ear to the crack and listened.

He heard enough to convince him that it was high time to act, so he stepped into the telephone booth at the end of the hall and called Miss Mercier.

"Hey, kid," he whispered in reply to her hello. "Did you get the carriage?"

"Yes. It's at the door now."

"That's good. If anybody asks you if you have seen this girl, say no. I'll get her into your office an' you do the rest. Don't lose no time in makin' her see she's got to go right away—see?"

(Concluded on page 32)

A Successful Cop

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

NUMBER SIX in the series of *Everyday Americans*. Mr. Macfarlane thus far in the series has introduced us to a statesman, a school-teacher, an advertising man, an editor, and a reformer. And now he asks us to make the acquaintance of a patrolman on his beat.

ONE morning the sisters at the Mercy Hospital in Baltimore were surprised by the appearance of a small procession of children bearing flowers, literally armfuls of carnations, roses, jonquils, lilies, and other blossoms, too many to write down. The children, some twenty in all, were of both sexes, and, like the flowers, were of many hues and varieties. While faces were polished and clothes gave evidence of being supertailored for an occasion, the youngsters were plainly of the poorer class. But their faces were none the less bright and eager, their bodies in perpetual motion, and their tongues were only hushed into an awed half silence by a glimpse of the high ceilings and long, empty corridors of the institution.

The flowers, it appeared, were for "Officer Hamilton." The sisters had good reason to know Officer Hamilton. He had entered the institution as plain Andrew J. Hamilton, some weeks before, for special treatment and a severe operation. He impressed his nurses as a modest, unassuming man of professional type, who bore great pain with small complaint and by no means gave out that he was anyone in particular. Yet from the moment of his enrollment the hospital had been deluged with continual inquiries as to the progress of his illness. These could not be from the man's relatives, for there were far too many of them, and they could not be from persons who hoped to inherit his property in case of death, for their lips quivered and their voices broke or choked up as they spoke. Moreover, many of the inquirers appeared to be poor.

Love Followed Him

SPECULATION was not even scotched but rather stimulated when it developed that Hamilton was neither a millionaire, whose many heirs were waiting his demise with interest and hope, nor some guardian angel of the poor, who at Christmas and Thanksgiving time remembered them with baskets and blessings. Instead, he was a patrolman on Post No. 1 in the eastern district of the city.

Now the sisters had received policemen into their hospital before, men of courage and great physical strength, who filled out roundly the ideal of police character; but the concern from the people on whose beats they were accustomed to walk, and whose heads from time to time they deemed it their duty to whack, was nothing at all like that manifested by these inquirers from Post No. 1.

The sisters had only one parallel in their experience, and that was when a favorite priest was sick,

and then every person in the parish, including people whom he had baptized in infancy, or joined in marriage, or over whose loved ones he had whispered the last solemn words of the Church, watched the progress of his illness almost from pulse beat to pulse beat.

But reverting to the flower-bearing children: Here they were, and by no means to be dissuaded from bestowing their floral tributes upon the policeman with their own hands. Quite in vain the sisters urged the danger of so much company.

"Nuttin' to it," declared the leader. "Us kids, 'bout a hundred of us, I reckon, got dese poesies, and we's de delegation to do de presentin' act, see!"

The Happy Warrior

THE sister in charge saw—with a tear in the corner of her eye.

From one and another of the youngsters had burst out fragments of the story of Policeman Hamilton's affection for the children on his beat, and of their reciprocal attachment for him. The sister heard how the children, learning from day to day of the sick man's condition, had determined that he should have some special tribute from the youngsters of the alleys and tenements of his district: how the girls had scrubbed steps and peddled soap, how the boys had cleaned out basements and sold papers and blacked shoes, till the necessary funds were raised; how a committee had been appointed to purchase the flowers, demanding and getting from the florist his freshest and finest blossoms, and the most for the least; and how, discreetly considering that the whole hundred could not be admitted to the ward, this chosen delegation had been commissioned to bear the flowers, and how they positively could not—"No, mum, they softly could not"—go back to the others without saying they had seen Officer Hamilton completely embowered in those same flowers, and without a message from his own lips to the children of his post, giving accurate information as to the progress of his recovery.

After hearing all of which, the kind-hearted sisters quite agreed with them, but hit upon the strategy of splitting the delegation in half, and sending it up, girls first, with their lilies and jonquils, and after they had tiptoed safely back, the boys were allowed to go with their share, the roses and carnations, each lad himself looking like some gorgeous blossom with a most awkward and wabbling stem. As a result Officer Hamilton's bed began to resemble a florist's window, and the policeman himself was made almost as happy as the children by their act had made themselves.



Quite obviously the life of a police officer who can so win the affection of children is worth telling about; but though the story which the children half whispered and half shouted into the ears of the sisters was much less coherent than what follows may be, it was charged with an unaffected enthusiasm which no flumping skill of the writer can transfer to print.

Beyond the Dreams of Avarice

BRIEFLY it may be stated that at twenty-nine years of age Andrew J. Hamilton, young, vigorous, and ambitious, with dark hair and mustache, with blue, hopeful eyes, donned a patrolman's uniform and walked out upon a beat in the Eastern Police District of Baltimore. He had deliberately chosen a policeman's career. He knew that civilization requires policemen. He was brave and clean and loyal. He was unimpeachably honest. He expected to shirk no duty and he expected the character of his service to be recognized. He had not a doubt of winning promotion. Down the road a little way he saw a sergeant's stripes awaiting him, and beyond that the bars of the lieutenant and the captain.

But now, after thirty years, his hair is gray, his mustache is white, the blue of his eye has even faded a little, and he still patrols a beat. Promotion has never come. He knows now it will not come. He will walk a beat till death or disability overtakes him. He began at \$18 a week; now he gets \$20. Yet the man's spirit is not quenched. He feels that he has made a success of life.

But some one will exclaim: "Flodding monotony! Pinching poverty! A race without a goal—how can such a life be a success?" Well, the first reply might be that there is no monotony in pacing a beat as the alert-minded Hamilton does that duty. As to poverty, why, the man is rich, positively rich.

J. P. Morgan, most respected rich man of his time, died the other day and left \$100,000,000, yet it may be doubted if he was more successful than "Andy" Hamilton. He did not look nearly so happy. Nor did he dominate the financial world more completely than Officer Hamilton dominates Post No. 1. The mourning at the funeral of the money king was genuine, but there will be more at the funeral of this patrolman—long may it be postponed! The children in the alleys, the men and the women in the tenements, as well as the folk in the good houses on the avenue, will be stricken with bitter personal sorrow. There will be crape on every door, and many a heart will feel the loneliness of utter desolation on that day.

Strange as this may seem at first blush, it is not strange at all if one but stops to think. There is no occupation that brings a man into more intimate touch with life than that of a policeman. He sees the bright side and the dark; he sees the family with its best foot forward, and he sees it when every closet skeleton walks abroad with clattering, jingling joints. He sees husbands sober and he sees them drunk. He sees wives faithful and he sees them faithless. What he does not see others tell him.

Adventures in Friendliness

NOW, suppose your policeman to be a man of keen intelligence, quick sympathy, and kindly heart. At the same time give him a personal character that is irreproachable. Then add to the authority of a right life the more tangible power of a policeman's star. Next put such a man upon one beat and keep him there for twenty years. Do not the possibilities of such a career suddenly enlarge? Consider alone the vast and recurring opportunities for adventures in friendliness.

And this has been the career of Officer Hamilton. For thirty years he has walked a beat. For the last twenty of those years he has walked one particular beat. He all but owns it. By the time he got political pull enough to get a stripe upon his sleeve, Officer



The children are his especial care. He is called "The Children's Friend" policeman. He knows them all, the well-fed ones on the avenues, and the pinched, starved faces that grow thick as cobles in the alleys

Hamilton was so attached to the people of his district that he did not want the stripe.

For the first eight of his twenty years on Post No. 1 Officer Hamilton was on duty at night. There he goes now. He has just reported from his box at the corner. You can see his buttons glint under the light of the street lamps—up Patterson Park Avenue to Pratt Street—taking a look down the alley dignified with the name of Boyer Street—down Pratt Street, with an inquisitive eyethrust into Madeira Street, which also resembles an alley—across Collington Avenue to Washington Street, along that to East Baltimore Street, and back again to Patterson Park Avenue. He has also paced the alleys and streets that intervene. It has taken him forty-five minutes to complete the round. He has noticed a good many things. There is a suspicious character loitering opposite the Jones mansion on Collington Avenue. There are sounds of a row brewing in Murphy's saloon. He saw little Maisie Hopkins scoot out of the door of a tenement on Madeira Street and run like a frightened deer. Probably Tom Hopkins is home from his last oyster cruise with liquor under his belt and an ugly mood in his heart. He has been frightening his children. He may be abusing his wife now. The balance of the night the officer will keep a watchful eye on all these sources of possible trouble.

The Blue Symbol of the Law

BUT Officer Hamilton has done something else besides taking notice upon his first round. He put to flight a flock of noisy young arabs who were annoying the bake lady on Boyer Street; he rescued a crippled boy's terrier from the assault of a bulldog; he rang the bell and reminded Mr. Thompson that if his rain spout was not fixed by to-morrow night, so it did not douse passers-by, he would be regretfully compelled to take him to court; he met Alec McKenzie, already carrying too heavy a cargo of spirit, but tacking doggedly in the general direction of Murphy's and more, and turned him back toward home with some stern, monitory words.

And thus, having concluded his first round, Officer Hamilton, with a careful eye for all the signs of possible disorder he had observed before, and the many new ones which should develop, would go back over the ground again; but not by the same route. Oh, most certainly not! He always changes the course, picking up the alleys, the streets, and the avenues, in a continually differing succession, so that in all that score of years he has walked this beat it has never been possible for a band of hoodlums, a sneak thief, a "stick-up" man, or a second-story worker to make any calculations as to just where the patrolman would be at a given time. There was only one solid assurance these adventures of the night could have, and that was that the policeman's ferret eyes would be traveling once in forty-five minutes over every visible wall and window or doorway in the district, and if so much as a catch on a shutter were displaced he would know it.

And so on through the night! And so on through the years! Eight years of nights; and since then he has walked it in the daytime; twelve years of days, round and round, over and across and through, fifteen times in every day for twenty years, while his hair turned gray and his mustache white.

Presidents have come and gone in twenty years. Governors and mayors have succeeded each other; but during all this time the personal representative, the ambassador plenipotentiary of presidents and governors and mayors, to the people of Post No. 1 has been Officer Hamilton. He has been the blue symbol of the majesty and perpetuity of the law. And the significant thing is not merely that by this man the shadow of law has slipped daily over those bricks for so long. The significant thing is that for those twenty years the shadow of the character of the man has fallen across the lives of the people and given them an example of right intent and self-control that is better than any minion of any statute.

Not Wrath Is His Weapon

FIRST of all, Officer Hamilton stands forth among the people of his district as a stern disciplinarian. The city ordinances must be obeyed. The grocer that piles his goods on the sidewalk, the teamster that unhitches his wagon in the street, the householder that does not clear his snow off within the allotted time, is made to feel the immediate hand of the law. But



Niagara

By EDITH WYATT

COOl the crystal mist is falling where my song is calling, calling

Over highland, over lowland, fog-blown bluff, and bowl-dered shore:

Proud my snow-rapt currents leaping from Superior's green keeping,

Down from Michigan's gray sweeping toward the Rapids' eddied floor.

Rain, hail, dew, and storm cloud swing me; from the heights the hollows wring me;

Filtered clay and field silt bring me silent through the dark-breathed loam,

Down the thousand-terraced highlands till the sky-land lake beds wing me—

Flying down and down in beauty through the chasm's flocking foam.

Down from Huron, down from Erie, though the wild duck's wing grow weary,

Tribe and nation part and vanish like the spindrift haze of morn,

Fresh my full-fold song is falling and my voice is calling, calling

Down from far-poured lake and highland as I sang when I was born.

South, North, East, and West untiring speak my brother seas in splendor,

Tell their dominant desiring, claimant over coast and main.

Mine the choiring of a woman's chord immortal, of surrender—

Of the splendor of desiring, deep to give and give again.

Chord of star-fused loam and silver-surgent lake cloud's generation,

Here I sing the earth's still dreaming down my green-poured currents' length,

Voice of river-rocking valleys, rich heart plains, and heights' creation,

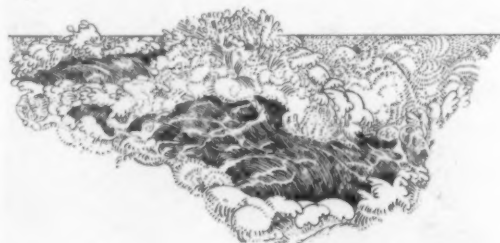
Clear-veiled chord that locked in you your mother's life, your father's strength.

Cool the fog-flocked mists are swinging. Soar, my dream; and silver winging,

Call my air-hung music ringing, toward the crystal-buoyed morn—

Full-fold music from the highlands, where my splendor's voice is singing,

Fresh from flooded shores and sky lands as I sang when I was born.



the hand of Hamilton, while rigorously insistent, is gentle, yet with a gentleness not to be misapprehended. The people learned long ago that if they mistook the softness of his manner they might find themselves most politely, to be sure, but also most unescapably arrested; they would be haled into court; they would see their mild-mannered, soft-spoken policeman going on the witness stand against them with a few mild apologetic sentences, and the judge on the bench paying more attention to those carefully chosen words of Officer Hamilton than to the most powerful

onaths of a hundred men. There is surely something in the soul of Hamilton that carries the weight of great conviction into the glance of his blue eye or the mildest tones of his voice.

His parishioners—that is the word that most nearly expresses the relationship—like and even love the man, and yet know they must obey. Rowdism and hoodlumism do not flourish on his beat. The thousand and one annoyances which thoughtless youth inflict upon the small shopkeeper, the householder, and the passer-by are practically unknown in the hours when this man is abroad on the streets.

But it must not be supposed that Hamilton is an "arresting" officer; he seldom finds it necessary. As one man at headquarters told me: "He has hardly a case in six months." That, however, is because of the built-up moral influence of years. People know what will go and what will not with Officer Hamilton. He no longer needs police courts. He is a walking arbiter of the law. He dispenses justice as he patrols his beat. His frowns are fines, his displeasure is a penance. What he demands the people render. Besides, he makes himself a personal friend, a big brother, a gentle godfather, even a spiritual adviser to the folk upon his post.

A Bringer of Peace

WHEN a wife comes to him demanding the arrest of the husband who has abused her, Officer Hamilton, in that soft, persuasive, Southern accent of which he is such a master, is very likely to dissuade her.

"Why, Mrs. Sue, what's the use of that?" he may say. "You will have to pay his fine anyway. Besides, I certainly am surprised at Tom. He must have been drinkin'. You let me talk to him. I'll give that boy a goin' over that he won't forget."

Mrs. Sue would usually be persuaded. Tom, knowing what was coming and dreading it worse than a jail sentence, would avoid the officer for days and days, but sooner or later he would be caught face to face and get a talk that would make his ears burn for months. It would not be a scolding, puritanical temperance lecture, but something much harder to endure. The officer has known Tom since he was a little boy. He knew his father before him, and he knew Tom's wife, Susie, when she was the bright-eyed child queen of the alley. Besides all of which, Officer Hamilton has a sympathetic, fatherly way with him. Out of these ingredients he is sure to mix up a homily that would make Tom squirm and solemnly swear never to raise a hand against his wife, and especially to guard against an overindulgence in the Baltimore brand of fire water.

Truly a Keeper of Consciences

THE worst of all this, or the best of it, would be that Officer Hamilton would for months thereafter keep Tom under daily surveillance. He could not loaf in Riley's pool room, he could not linger a half hour in the cool depths of Schneider's bar that Officer Hamilton would not saunter up, thrust the swinging door wide open for a moment with his club, salute everyone courteously, and Tom in particular and most courteously of all, and then pass on; but in that extra courtesy would be also an extra stab from the keen blue eyes to remind the wife beater and whisky wrestler that there was a present and necessary relationship between promise and performance.

It is humanity like this which has won the officer the place he holds in the esteem of the people. Women talk to him about their husbands; fathers consult him about their sons; girls who are in trouble and young men who have involved themselves dangerously make him their confidant. He has saved many a heart and many a home from breaking. He has united lovers and protected the honor of proud homes that to this hour do not even dream of the service rendered.

The district is a peculiar one in that the well to do, the middle classes, and the very poor are all represented in it. Officer Hamilton accepts the poor as his particular charge. They have more need of an angel in blue and brass. He knows every case of sickness on his post, and knows, too, if that or accident is likely to be accompanied by want. He has connections that tap the sources of charitable supply, and often is able to bring relief or prevent suffering and hardship to the people in his alleys. On Christmas day he is likely to spend

(Concluded on page 29)

The Fifth of September

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY E. COWEN

"AND here's my mate's papers," said the young man, drawing a long envelope from his pocket and holding it out to Captain Spruce.

"All shipshape," acknowledged the captain after glancing over the documents. "You're my man if you want the berth."

The young man hesitated, cleared his throat, and lifted to his knee a little girl of some three years who stood beside him timidly clutching the hem of his coat. She snuggled against his shoulder and his arm tightened about her. Over her head he looked uncertainly at Captain Spruce.

"This here is my daughter," he said with seeming irrelevance.

"Perty baby," smiled the old sailorman, winking at her and smirking broadly under the impression he was behaving as babies like their elders to behave.

"I'll ship with you," said the young man slowly, hesitatingly, "if I can fetch her along. Her and me we can't be separated nohow."

Captain Spruce widened his eyes and stared. "Fetch her along! Aboard the *Parsons*? Whoever heard of sich a thing. I'd like to know? A baby aboard a vessel! I s'pose you're calc'latin' to have her mother along too?"

"No," said the young man, "her mother hain't able to come. I got to look after her alone."

"Dead?"

The young man shook his head and moistened his lips uncomfortably.

"Sick, maybe?"

"No, she hain't sick. She's perty well, perty fair, considerin'—"

"Humph," grunted the captain, "one of these here family squabbles, eh?"

I never see the heat of things nowadays with wimmin leavin' their men and men leavin' their wimmin jest for nothin', so to speak. Why, young feller, me and my wife has had quarrels that would 'a' busted up a whole city block of couples to-day—and thought nothin' of it. Folks hain't able to bear and forbear like they used to be."

"IT HAIN'T that, neither," said the young man in a voice that was not even and certain as a man's voice should be. "My wife and me hain't never had no quarrels. She jest hain't able to look after leetle Emmy situated like she is at present."

"Um," grumbled the captain, "kinda mysteriouslike. I don't seem to git no head nor tail to it."

"It hain't mysterious, cap'n." The young man looked

with level eyes into the older man's face, and the quaver was absent from his voice. "It's jest my own business, and nobody else's. I'm willin' to ship with you, pervidin' Emmy can come along, and that's all there is to talk about betwixt you and me—that's all."

Presently the young man spoke again:

"She won't be no trouble to speak of. Havin' a baby around hain't so bothersome as folks think—I promised my wife I wouldn't leave Emmy even for a day."

CAPTAIN SPRUCE considered. He was in sore need of a second mate; he loved children, had sons and daughters of his own, now grown; and there was something about the young man and his unfinished, unsatisfactory story which aroused the old sailorman's liking and his pity, something straight-

forward, something dependable, something intangibly pathetic in his eyes and in his words.

"Fetch her along," he said, "but keep her out of mischief."

So Gideon Downs and Emmy his daughter became a part of the crew of the *Parsons*. That night, the child on her father's shoulder, they watched the receding lights of Detroit as the vessel rounded Windmill Point to follow the Path of Buoys across Lake St. Clair on her way to the ore docks of Superior.

"We'll be comin' back to Mommy 'fore long," Gideon whispered. "Fore long. Three months hain't a awful while, honey, and we'll be there to meet her on the fifth of September like we promised."

The child, one arm crooked around his head, reached down with the other hand and stroked his cheek.

EVERYBODY aboard the *Parsons*, from the uncouth stokers, emerging grimy from the hold, to Captain Spruce himself, found minutes to play with little Emmy. Before the first day was gone the men had become accustomed to the unusual presence; were one and all putting their best foot forward to win her favor. So she was not without playmates full of thrilling tales; capable of fashioning marvelous toys with skillful jackknives. Jealous eyes followed her as she toddled about the deck to oversee her comings and goings lest she fall into danger.

It was the merriest, heartiest, best-natured ship's crew that ever sailed the lakes, and Captain Spruce was quick to congratulate himself that he had permitted the child aboard. The men's superstition told them she was "laden" with good luck, so they were

"Ma's dead, I calc'late," ventured old Sam Weaver, wheelsman, with voice of sympathy.

"No," Gideon replied, "not dead."

Sam felt he had blundered; struggled to apologize, floundered. "I didn't mean to go touchin' on sore subject's. Things will happen sure enough, and all folks can't live happy together, and nobody's fault, I say."

"Emmy's ma and me hain't separated," Gideon said reluctantly, as though he felt compelled to guard against even a hint of infelicity between him and his wife.

Sam shook his head in bewilderment. He had stated the two cases that might make it necessary for a father to do as Gideon was doing, but neither hit the truth of the matter. He repeated the conversation in the fore-castle.

"Maybe she's sick," a hand suggested.

"She hain't or he'd 'a' said so. If a feller's wife is ailin' or in a horspittle or somethin' he's goin' to do consid'able talkin' about it, off and on. Stands to reason, don't it?"

AND so it went. If Gideon was conscious of the curiosity he excited he gave no sign; if anyone tried to pry under his reserve he was well able to rebuff. But to little Emmy he spoke freely of her mother, always lovingly, always gently.

"We promised her we'd be there, didn't we, honey? We give her our word we'd be a-standin' right on the spot waitin' for her. And we'll be there, come the fifth of September, like we said we would, even if we have to swim across the Atlantic Ocean to do it. Mommy'll be needin' us to sort of lean on, won't she?"

Sometimes he could be seen to show the child a picture inside his watch, and old Sam vowed that tears stood in Gideon's eyes as he showed it. Always he tended Emmy with the skill of a woman. He dressed her, bathed her, was heard teaching her babyish prayers which never omitted mention of that mysterious mother.

"You're that handy with the baby," Sam admired, "that it don't seem possible. I never seen a man could git around to do the like."

"I promised her I would," Gideon replied. "I said Emmy shouldn't suffer no neglect, and she shan't suffer none while I can make out to move hand or leg."

GIDEON seldom joined in discussions, plentiful though they were. Fore-castle arguments held no

fascination for him; but once—and only once—did he make himself heard when the men commented on a newspaper story of a wife who erred, and a husband who deserted her and their child in consequence.

Opinion ran strong in the man's favor. Reasons were given which justified a man in abandoning his wife, some valid, others capious. Gideon listened, disapproval stamped on his face. At last he spoke, it seemed involuntarily, as though urged to speech.

"A man," he said slowly, "hadn't oughter marry a woman till he knows she's the only woman in the world for him. He oughter be a'mighty sure. Then, if he does marry her, there hain't nothin' in the world should set him agin her. If she does wrong it hain't his work to punish her, but to perfect her, like. Wimmin makes mistakes—good wimmin—but



"On the fifth of September," said Gideon, like one repeating a formula. "I'm a-goin' to see her. I promised I'd be there"

contented; her presence repressed them, so there were no quarrels; she seemed to raise the morals of them all, so there was no shirking.

As for Gideon Downs, he went about his duties quietly; a smile for his daughter now and then lifted the shadow of melancholy that darkened his face. He was a mystery to Captain Spruce; more of a mystery to the crew, who, wondering, put their curiosity into words. They discussed him in the fore-castle; speculated on his condition in the mess room; when other topics failed he was always there, Gideon and his daughter, to furnish them food for debate.

that don't give no reason for leavin' 'em. Why, sich wimmin need their husbands more'n ever. A man that'd up and leave his wife unless he knowed she was all bad, through and through, hain't, to my mind, no kind of a man at all. He's a slinkin' animal, he is, with more fear for what his neighbors is goin' to say than love for the woman that's mother to his little folks." He stopped, flushed, squirmed uncomfortably, and soon found an excuse to take himself away.

"Queer feller," nodded old Sam, and the crew agreed with him.

FROM June till mid August, Gideon Downs and little Emmy sailed with Captain Spruce. Then, while the *Parsons* was taking on her load at Cleveland in readiness for the northward trip, the second mate sought out the captain.

"I calc'late," said the young man, "that you want me to keep on for the season?"

Captain Spruce nodded.

"I'm willin'—exceptin' for one day. I got to be in Detroit on the fifth of September, cap'n. There ain't nothin' must keep me away. I figger it we'll be about hittin' the Detroit River on the third or maybe the fourth, so's I could git off, with Emmy, in the mail boat. 'Twouldn't be necessary for me to stay long—jest for the day, maybe. Then I could take the train and meet the *Parsons* in Cleveland, gittin' there most as quick as she will. Is that there suitable to you, cap'n?"

Captain Spruce nodded again, but with ill-concealed curiosity. "I guess we can git along that far without you," he said. Then, after a pause: "Goin' to see your wife?"

"On the fifth of September," said Gideon, like one repeating a formula—or a ritual. "I'm a-goin' to see her. I promised I'd be there—me and Emmy."

THE run to Superior was accompanied by fair weather, but once the nose of the *Parsons* pointed southward again the greatest of the lakes rose in fury against her. For days and nights she surged and plunged onward, decks awash, superstructure wrecked, boats crushed, seams leaked. But she was a staunch vessel built against such emergencies, and manned by able sailormen, she came safely through, but sore and strained and bearing many scars of furious combat.

Nor did the crew pass the ordeal without harm. Half a dozen men were injured, some more, some less; Second Mate Gideon Downs, in traversing the deck, had been seized by a wave and hurled against the deck house, but for which he would have been swept overboard. It took toll of him in the shape of a leg broken above the knee.

ROUGH but none the less skilled surgery did its best; at the Soo a physician examined the splints and pronounced the setting good, and would have had Gideon sent ashore to a hospital, but the injured man would not be moved, became excited, demanded that Captain Spruce be sent for.

"I can't git off here," he said wildly to the captain. "I got to be there on the fifth of September—I got to be. I promised."

Captain Spruce looked at the doctor, who nodded. It would not be safe to go contrary to the man's will, his fixed purpose, in his condition, and Gideon remained aboard.

To Captain Spruce it seemed that the fifth of September possessed the man like a monomania. He repeated the words over and over; he assured little Emmy as she sat timidly on his bed that they would not fail, that they would be at the appointed spot on time. On the very spot. "I showed Mommy the spot where we'd be waitin'—and we got to be there, hain't we?"

It was when they entered the St. Clair River that Gideon first conceived the impossibility of getting ashore at Detroit by way of the mail boat. To do so it was necessary to descend a ladder into a rolling,

tossing skiff, and thus to be conveyed to land. It was a dangerous, difficult feat for a well man—impossible for one with a fractured limb. Again he summoned the captain to him.

"Cap'n," he began weakly, yet with excitement in his voice, "be you int'rested in folks' souls? What would you do, cap'n, to prevent one from goin' to hell?"

The captain looked at him long, perceived he was not delirious, and answered: "I'd do consid'able, Gideon, I reckon, consid'able."

"Cap'n, if I hain't ashore in Detroit on the fifth of September, a woman's goin' to hell. She's my wife, cap'n—and Emmy's ma—and she's goin' to hell if I don't come. I promised her I'd be there, cap'n, and p'inted out the spot where I'd be standin'. She'll look for me—and Emmy—and if we hain't there she'll think we've failed her, and, cap'n, she—won't be able to—to stand it. It'll drive her down, cap'n."

CAPTAIN SPRUCE had no words. To soothe such emotion he was unskilled, but he put a gnarled hand on the young man's shoulder and patted it comfortingly. "There," he whispered, "there—there."

"You got to land me, cap'n. I can't git ashore

last he looked into the captain's face and motioned to the door.

"Send—Emmy—away," he whispered.

WHEN the baby was gone, Captain Spruce drew a chair to the edge of the berth and waited. With an effort Gideon began speaking:

"She hain't nothin' but a girl," he began in a murmur, "younglike, and not knowedgeful of the world. We was gittin' on fine—her and me and Emmy. But she made a mistake like folks will. All of a sudden, without thinkin' it was, or she wouldn't never have done it. Never. It was in a store, cap'n—and she took somethin'. Took it suddenlike, before she thought, and stuffed it in her waist. And then come one of these here woman detectives. Well, what could I do? Nothin' as I could see, 'cept tell her I'd stick by her—and I'm a-stickin'. They arrested her, cap'n, and put her into jail—jest like she was a—crim'nal. I hain't complainin', cap'n. It was right. She done it and it was agin the law. It was right she should be punished."

He nodded once or twice as though verifying his decision.

"If a woman stole from me I'd have her arrested, cap'n—so why should my wife git off? But I promised her I'd stick by her, and that I'd care for leetle Emmy and never leave her out of my sight; and I promised, cap'n, that I'd be there, jest at the left of the door when she come out—waitin' for her, with leetle Emmy. I showed her the very spot. And she gits out on the fifth of September!" His eyes shut again and he breathed heavily. "If I hain't there, cap'n, she'll think I've deserted her, and she—she won't be able to stand it. I got to git there, cap'n, to—to—save her soul."

That was all.

Captain Spruce leaned over the young man as he would have leaned over his own son, and pressed back his hair.

"Son," he said huskily, "I'll land you in Detroit if they take my papers away from me for doin' it."

A CARRIAGE stood on Russell Street just at the left of the entrance to the House of Correction, waiting, waiting. Since daylight it had been there, door open, watching eyes strained toward the gloomy building.

Sometimes little Emmy played on the grass close by, sometimes she sat on the seat by her father's side, happy, prattling, talking of Mommy—of Mommy whom she was soon to see.

At length the great doors opened and a young woman stepped forth. She looked around her wildly, shrinkingly. Her eyes sought the spot at the left where her husband, her baby, were to have awaited her—and there was no one, nothing but a carriage. She cowered against the building, clutched her cheek, repressed a cry of anguish.

THEY had failed her. He had not kept his word; his love had not been stronger than prison stigma. Down the steps she tottered.

On the walk she paused, listened unbelievably, wavered

as though she would have fallen, for a baby voice sounded in her ears: "Mommy—Mommy." She dared not look, but tiny hands clutched her skirt. "My Mommy—my Mommy. Daddy's waitin' in carriage. He's broke, Mommy, an' it hurts."

She snatched the baby in her arms and wet its cheeks with her glad tears—tears that flowed from a soul that had seen into the depths. Slowly she walked to the carriage carrying the child.

At its door she halted, drew back. What could she expect from a man who hid himself in its depths? Who was ashamed to face the world with her? He spoke her name and she dared look within. His arms were extended to her—open. "I promised—I promised we'd be here," he said brokenly, "and we come. The fifth of September."

The carriage door closed behind her tightly. It seemed to shut off all that had gone before—to seal her safely in a new and better future.



Tiny hands clutched her skirt. "My Mommy—my Mommy. Daddy's waitin' in carriage. He's broke, Mommy, an' it hurts."

no other way. Land jest for a minnit, long enough to set me ashore. Put me into a carriage with Emmy, cap'n, and that's all I ask. You'd do that to save a soul, cap'n, wouldn't you? Wouldn't you, cap'n?"

CAPTAIN SPRUCE spoke very gently, tenderly. "Hain't you best tell me about it, Gideon, so's I can sort of fetch my judgment to bear? I guess you can trust me with it, boy."

Gideon shut his eyes and groped for Emmy's hand.

For several minutes he lay silent, and tears squeezed slowly, one by one, between his lids. At

Fair Names in Foods

By Lewis B. Allyn

*How near to good is what is fair!
Which are no sooner seen
But with the lines and outward air
Our senses taken be.*

BEN JONSON'S criticism of things visible applies with equal force to things invisible—to various ideas, phrases, or words. It is this telling influence which makes a successful trade-mark so valuable and causes it to be so jealously guarded.

Fair Words

ALMOST all packers of food products select some "fair" word which shall designate their particular brand. Thus it comes about that we have "Beechnut," "Ferndell," "Sunbeam," "Premier," "Belle Mead," and hundreds of others of equal euphony. Sometimes products of fair name and reputation are copied as closely as possible by a rival manufacturer. The latter, inflamed by the desire for profit even at the expense of others, calls his product "Noxie," or "Cottolene," or "Royalty Baking Powder," or "Gold Drop." This thing goes on for a little and then the court decides that Moxie and Cottolene and Royal Baking Powder and Gold Dust have been wronged, and infringement proceedings are in order. Says Professor Rogers in "Printers' Ink": "The question is one of resemblances, not differences—the purchaser is required only to use that care which persons ordinarily exercise under like circumstances. He is not bound to study or reflect; he acts upon the moment—he is not bound to remember more than the general features of a mark, brand, or label, and is not expected to have in mind the details. He is not supposed to know that imitations exist."

It is evident that in the purchase of food products one should be reasonably familiar with the name and appearance of the brand of goods he desires.

Juggling with Fair Names

FREQUENTLY the fair name of a product is smeared by the addition of statements in small type. One manufacturer said he used small type so as not to detract from the neat appearance of his labels, but that was not the real reason. It was because the Food and Drugs Act under Section 8 requires the statement of various adulterants to appear upon the packages of all food products entering into interstate commerce.

Should people exercise the same care in the purchase of their foods that they display in the purchase of clothing, real estate, or hens, one would see the food faker going out of business or undergoing a regeneration. A lady in Maine who is undoubtedly interested in the pure-food cause and unquestionably careless in her methods of purchasing supplies bought several bottles of "Manhattan Club Imported Lime Juice," with the name of J. H. Folkins Co., Boston, Mass., appearing on the label. After using part of her purchase she happened to read the rest of the label. Appearing in plain red letters one-eighth of an inch in height, "Lime juice 60 per cent, water 40 per cent, salicylic acid 1-10 of 1 per cent, Lime bisulphite 1-10 of 1 per cent, slightly colored." Thus instead of pure lime juice, note that she had purchased a mixture of lime juice, water, rheumatism medicine, a diuretic and germicide and dye. All of which might have been avoided by proper attention to the label in the beginning. Together with "First Aid to the Injured" study First Aid to the Purchaser, which means investigation of the label, lest

*With the lines and outward air
Our senses taken be.*

"Please give an opinion concerning this baking powder," writes a Southern reader of COLLEGE'S. The label reads in part as follows: "Strongest Baking Powder in the World." "Pure as the Driven Snow." "Food prepared with this powder is conscientiously pure, wholesome, and healthful." "To make cabbage, kale, turnips, greens, etc., very tender and digestible, put a heaping tablespoonful of baking powder in the pot while boiling." "This powder is composed of the following ingredients and none other: Cornstarch, sodium bicarbonate, sodium aluminum sulphate." "The Sea Gull Specialty Co., Baltimore and New Orleans." This label savors of the ancient past, when such sentences as "This remedy is guaranteed to cure cancer, consumption, goiter, catarrh, dyspepsia, and all other diseases," ran rampant. Do not be gulled by the powder. It is not the "strongest in the world." A good phosphate or cream of tartar powder will con-



tain about 13 per cent of available carbon dioxide. This powder does not. It is doubtless just as "pure as the driven snow," which latter is loaded with impurities running all the way from bacteria to chlorine. Food prepared with this powder is not necessarily "conscientiously pure and wholesome" nor can one believe that the addition of alum tends to make it "healthful," any more than it would make turnips "digestible." Exaggerated statements put the hall mark of inferiority upon any product.

Some Striking Examples

THE Dairy and Food Department of the State of Michigan made an examination of the T. Gorham famous catarrh remedy, Battle Creek, concerning which surprising statements were made. The following from Bulletin No. 210-11 is of interest and illustrates what has been repeatedly pointed out by COLLEGE'S—the need of caution, investigation, and common sense. Referring to the Gorham preparation, the report goes on to say: "The remedy consisted of three 6-ounce bottles of brownish-red liquid for internal use and an ounce tin of 'Antiseptic Balm.' Analysis showed that the internal remedy consisted of 8 per cent alcohol, 25 per cent sugar, 67 per cent water, and a trace each of Bromide of Soda and Iodide of Potash. The 'Antiseptic' balm was just ordinary vaseline containing a small amount of menthol and perfumed with oil of wintergreen."

A Gallon of Catarrh Cure for 55c.

WE will let physicians and the reader determine whether a weak toddy of sugar, alcohol, and water, flavored with a trace of drugs, is a good remedy of catarrh. If you want to take it why pay at the rate of \$35 a gallon when you can make a gallon of it for 55c. as follows: Mix water 5 pints, alcohol 12 ounces, sugar 1½ lbs., potassium iodide 5 grains, and bromide of soda 5 grains, flavor with a few drops of wintergreen. If you wish to grease your proboscis with 'Antiseptic Balm' you can do so at a cost of 6c. as follows: Add to 1 ounce of melted vaseline ½ dram of menthol, stir and add a few drops of oil of wintergreen. Inquiry by this department at Battle Creek establishes the fact that Gorham is not a physician and has no physician connected with his business. The bankers there say he is a "very desirable customer." He certainly ought to be, as he is engaged in a business that pays 3,000 per cent profit.—JAMES W. HELME, State Dairy and Food Commissioner.

The Need of Care

EVEN in this enlightened time there is occasionally surreptitious addition of injurious substances to food products, and this by supposedly reputable manufacturers. The recent Humbert & Andrews case, brought about by the activity and insight of Alfred W. McCann of the New York "Globe," is instructive. Parts of the editorial comment follow: "When the Court of Special Sessions sitting in Brooklyn yesterday convicted Humbert & Andrews of using a poisonous preservative in their asparagus a hard blow was struck for pure food in New York and the country. The conviction proved that powerful food poisoners who know how to avail themselves of every influence that is likely to protect them in their miserable business can be exposed effectively nevertheless, and made to stop their wrong practices—it began several months ago when the Health Department found sodium fluoride in the concern's product. Nothing more was done. In due course a man was poisoned by the stuff, and notified the 'Globe.' Mr. McCann investigated; he visited the premises with two sanitary in-

spectors and found that most of the preserves put up there were treated with sulphur fumes. Chemical analysis of the asparagus disclosed the fluoride. A former manager of the firm admitted its use in the form of 'No-Ferment.'"

The firm was found guilty of the charge of treating food products with a deadly drug, and a fine of \$500 or 90 days in jail was imposed. It is a good policy to demand from your dealer assurances of the purity as well as the quality of the product. Sodium fluoride is one of the most reprehensible of food preservatives, and forms the basis of various insecticides. The Massachusetts law requires all compounds containing fluoride to be marked "Poison." Here we have the sad spectacle of a poisonous compound freely sold in a food product. Such occurrences, happily, are not frequent, and an increasing public intelligence in the matter as well as a higher standard adopted by progressive manufacturers renders its recurrence very improbable.

If you know of a manufacturer of pure products who packs in the open and sells on the square, give him your hearty support, for without it he cannot help you.

The multitude of so-called "Pure Food Stores" gives point to the idea that the phrase pure food is attractive and one which can be capitalized. A large restaurant visited not long ago has the words Pure Food inscribed in the tiled floor at the entrance. Within, however, drugged foods and dyed concoctions were freely dispensed. Some of the "Pure Food Stores" will sell almost pure food and some that is very far removed from it. In one of these stores nearly a score of legally adulterated products were on sale. Does not such dealing bring a fair name into disrepute?

A pleasing change from the fake type is found in the Suffrage Pure Food Stores of New York City. These are true to name. So far as is known no adulterated product is sold in them. If by chance an impure article finds its way in, it is summarily removed by the management.

At 229-231 Ninth Avenue is one of the Progressive Grocery Stores, Inc. The theory of the manager is that he will sell both pure and impure goods, but the latter only under protest or with adequate explanation to the purchaser.

"If you want foods preserved with Benzoin or Sodium we will have to sell them to you because they are legal, but you buy them with your eyes open."

Thus reads a large sign near the doorway. Here is another: "This is a Food Store, not a Drug Store. We are not friendly to drugs in foods. That is why we are willing to tell you all we know."

"The average grocer," says the proprietor, Mr. George Stadlander, "often lacks time to study the food question. Others do not care. We do care and take the time to study it."

Mr. Stadlander was asked: "Suppose a customer inquires for catsup or jam, without specifying any particular kind. What are your clerks instructed to give him?" "Those free from preservatives or dyes. We sell doped foods only when they are demanded, and then call attention to the fact that they are not pure."

Is not this a helpfully progressive plan? Speed the time when all provision dealers will treat their patrons with equal frankness.

THE TRUTH ABOUT FOODS

*A Question and Answer Department, Conducted for the Benefit of the Consumer. Address
Inquiries to Professor L. B. Allyn,
Care of Collier's, 416 West Thirtieth Street, New York City*

No Need of It

Are preservatives ever put in olive oil?—J. R., Washington.

Oils of this nature need no preservatives. We have never heard of their addition.

It Is Not So

I have understood that much of the imported olive oil is adulterated with cottonseed or some similar oil, and would appreciate your opinion in this department.—Mrs. F. C., Pennsylvania.

Perhaps the best answer to your inquiry can be found in the recent circular of information from the United States Department of Agriculture: "Imports of Olive Oil Not Adulterated." Department of Agri-



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PUT the Motometer in command of your car. Then your motor troubles will be over—upkeep expense will stop.

Don't expect your ears, eyes, and nose to detect motor troubles like a Motometer. They won't wake up until the knocking, steaming, smoking of the engine wake them up—until after the injury to the motor is already done.

Why assume that you have better ears, eyes and nose than an expert driver like Oldfield, Tetzlaff, De Palma?

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But the man who thinks he is a human Motometer pays \$5, \$10, \$50 a clip. His motor is often a *total loss* before he wakes up—\$500 gone!

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culture corrects rumor that much imported olive oil is adulterated with cottonseed oil.

Following the receipt of several inquiries as to whether a large part of the olive oil imported into the United States is adulterated with cottonseed oil, the Department of Agriculture has made a special investigation into the state of the olive oil admitted. The Government's interest in the matter is twofold: first, to protect the people from getting adulterated olive oil; second, to protect the reputation of olive oil in the interest of olive-oil producers in California, Arizona, and other olive-growing sections. Since 1900, the Department, through its various port laboratories, has examined samples from 2,149 importations of olive oil. Of these, only ten were refused entry, and only three of these were refused entry for containing cottonseed oil. These cottonseed-oil adulterations date back to 1908, when two shipments were found to be adulterated, and in 1909, when one shipment was found to be adulterated. Since that time there has been no shipment which has given evidence of cottonseed-oil adulteration. In

1910 seven shipments of olive oil were refused admission because adulterated with peanut oil, and since that time there have been no cases discovered of either cottonseed oil or peanut oil adulteration. The addition of cottonseed oil to olive oil, the Government specialists report, is very easily detected. Indications, therefore, are that all olive oil admitted to the country and branded as olive oil has been pure olive oil, and has contained no cottonseed oil or peanut oil. Occasionally the Government discovers a shipment of sardines in which the olive oil contains some cottonseed oil. Experts point out that it would be illogical for the importer to bring into this country olive oil adulterated with cottonseed oil, and pay a duty of 15 cents a gallon on the cottonseed oil that is contained in the mixture. Similarly, nut oils are admitted under the tariff act, and the specialists say that it would be absurd for an importer to bring from Holland olive oil adulterated with peanut oil, and pay a duty of 50 cents a gallon on the mixture when he could bring them over separately and avoid paying any duty on the nut oil.

Pure Water and the Filter

By JOHN B. HUBER, M.D.

THE best drinking water is such as comes down to us from the blessed hills, sparkling, cascading, silvering in the sunshine, and taking up in its passage from the rocks and the soil through which it flows the gases that make it the most delicious draft ever invented. But water supplies have been known to come partly from contaminated streams; and there are instances when the babbling brook of the poet, by reason of outhouses along the banks, has rendered very prosaic suffering and some matter-of-fact deaths from typhoid fever and the dysenteries.

Of course it is the duty of governments—town, city, and State—to keep water supplies pure and germ free; but everyone knows how cruelly this duty has in some times and places remained undone. In many communities householders must still do what they can for themselves to keep their drinking water wholesome.

Spring waters, the purity of which is generally guaranteed, are on the market, as are waters purified by distillation and then aerated to make them palatable. Boiling any water will make all the germs in it harmless, though it will remain as muddy as ever; there is no objection to this unless you mind taking your animal food that way. Unfortunately boiled water is insipid, because all the natural gases that make it delightful bubble out in the boiling. Yet when there are epidemics of "ingestion infection," and no guaranteed system of reservoir filtration exists, the water for drinking and cooking must, for the average citizen, be boiled or passed through domestic filters of assured efficiency. The most perfect of domestic filters are only making the best of a bad state of things, and one which no man zealous for his family's welfare should endure indefinitely; he

should put that matter up to the men he has elected to the public service, and put it up to them hard. The small sand, animal charcoal, wire cloth, filter paper, sponge and cotton contrivances which are screwed on to the faucet and let much water pass rapidly through them are not filters at all, but simply strainers, that give a murderously false sense of security. They are first-rate soil for germs, and the water is richer in disease after than before their use. Removing mud, iron rust, and visible sediment (crude but comparatively harmless impurities), they make the water look more attractive, but the germs that are invisible to the naked eye thrive in them all the same. Small filters that allow a good stream of water to pass through will never stop germs; look out for leaky joints, cracked tubes, and the like in such filters. Filters that are effective will let water pass through drop by drop; to get a fair stream a series of such filters should be tubed together and reservoired in the home.

The most effective domestic filters are made of unglazed porcelain, baked infusorial earth, or sandstone—the inventions of Bergefeld and Pasteur; but through them even germs may in the course of time pass into the filtered water. The best filters are germ proof for only a limited period; those willing to pay the bacteriologist for periodic inspections of their filters may purchase water security, but this luxury is not for the man with a fifteen-dollar-a-week job.

To clean the Bergefeld or Pasteur filter the cylinder or candle is removed, scrubbed or brushed, sterilized by boiling or baking, and then replaced; this done once a week assures safe filtration. All domestic filters must be capable of disjoining easily for such purification.

The Remedy for Indecent Dressing

(Concluded from page 11)

must, of necessity, be, and is, based on historical costume. Paris has always done this; always adapted; never originated. Not a single original fashion, *per se*, has ever come from Paris—it is always based on the costume of other races and nations, either past or present.

BUT the American woman must give the American designer encouragement. She must believe that her own designers know her needs, her temperament, her environment, better than do the Parisian designers, most of whom have never set foot on American soil, and are not only ignorant of her but are contemptuous of her. No Latin race can ever rightfully dress an Anglo-Saxon people; the temperament, the environment, the climate, the needs—all are different, and it is upon these that proper costume rests and is based. Moral conceptions and standards are likewise different. The fresher American mental outlook would be absolutely incapable in thinking in

terms of the present degenerate fashions; they are the expression of a tainted Latin temperament.

Had we years ago, as we are now doing, taken hold of the idea of American fashions for American women and encouraged and accepted it, we should not now be reaping the whirlwind of a fetish to let a few commercialists of disordered minds, 3,000 miles away, say what our American girls and women should wear. It is our own fault that we have allowed this spectacle of indecent dressing to come upon us, and it will be our own fault if we allow it to continue. The remedy is perfectly simple—we must turn away from Paris and the clothes of her demimonde and set about to encourage our own designers, our own manufacturers, our own dress-makers, our own industries. Then we will conserve two things—our own economic independence and keep 28,000,000 of good American dollars at home where they belong, and our own moral standards.

Woolliness as You Like It

By C. J. MANNING

OLD maids of New England and literary gentlemen of New York have maligned the cowboy and Indian to so great an extent that both these classes of human beings would be forced to show credentials and affidavits of origin, did they appear at any set meeting of the fiction writers' New York local. The extent of the injury done the gentlemen of the ranges and reservations was developed at the Sioux City, Ia., Frontier Days celebration, July 2, 3, and 4.

Sioux City in early days was camping ground for Sioux warriors and later a center for cowmen. To celebrate its passage from trading post to city, the frontier show was arranged by business men, who decided no better way to show time's flight could be evolved than that of giving living picture reproduction of the old lawless days.

The Interstate Live Stock Fairground was chosen as setting for the celebration. To the great ranges of Wyoming, Montana, South Dakota, Nebraska, Colorado, and Texas were sent announcements that \$25,000 would be divided among cowboys, cowgirls, and Indians that might see fit to participate in Western sport contests.

Sioux City is joined to Nebraska by a great bridge. Managers had occasion to announce through newspapers that at noon, July 1, the Winnebago Indian delegation would cross the bridge on the way to the celebration. A great crowd of the uninitiated gathered to witness the red-skin invasion.

NOT A SCALP LOCK!

WHAT a disappointment that invasion was to those who got Indian folklore via the moving-picture film and the penny dreadful!

A six-passenger touring car bumped over the bridge, drew up in a cloud of dust at the toll-keeper's gate, and a red-skinned individual dropped out to pay for passage. In a rear seat was a woman of dusky hue. She was toying with two round-headed, dark-faced youths. The motor moved on.

"Indians," explained the gatekeeper to the crowd.

"Why, he wore a white collar, a shirt, and necktie. I'll wager \$100 she had a slit skirt on," protested a disappointed tenderfoot.

"Can't help that," conceded the toll taker. "The buck was Harry Walks in the Morning and the squaw was Minnie Sits Long on a Porch. They are Winnebagoes."

"Now, you aren't sure that woman wasn't Minnie Sits Long on a Piazza, or Minnie Sits under a Pergola, are you?" sarcastically rejoined the tenderfoot.

At this juncture came other motors and light wagons, bearing more Winnebagoes. All wore white collars. None wore feathers. Bowie knives or quick-shooting rifles were not in evidence. Sioux City ceased trembling for the future of the city and awaited the arrival of the blood-loving Sioux warriors from Yankton reservation.

Sioux chiefs dropped off a train on a sultry afternoon. They wore business suits of gray, tan, and blue. The buck and squaw in the lead spled an ice-cream-parlor sign and a soft-drink orgy ensued. One of the celebration managers caught the party with the third ice and they clambered aboard cars bound for the scene of the show.

One strap-hanging squaw, after two torrid miles of travel, protested against the street-car service, to the disgust of a Lilly-white, who had thrilled to Western drama in pictures.

As the Indians alighted at the grounds they were told that feathers could be had inside and that day wages and food would be given to all braves appearing in costume during the congress and dances. The Harry Lauder of the squad desired to know if the management would pay his laundry bills. Being assured the matter would be taken care of, he marched in stately grandeur to the tepees the management had provided.

No dog-soup menu was to be found in the Indian camp. Bucks insisted they must have the best cuts of beef. When a visitor suggested he would like to see the camp chef lull a languid dog to soup

he was told by a Carlisle graduate to "Beat it!"

The Carlisle man and a group of his college fellows directed in excellent English the staging of the ghost and war dances in the arena.

"We maintain tribal traditions and customs as a matter of race pride," he explained to questioners. "We wear the feathers of our fathers on but few occasions. We deem the feathers insubstantial."

BACHELORS OF ARTS WIELD THE LARIAT

MANAGERS of the celebration thought the advent of the cowboys would stir the city. They thought the fiction cry: "Whoop la! Pull in your windows or we'll shoot 'em out," would ring through the streets. The cowboys came, sought hotel rooms, and awaited the contests in peace. They used the hotel silver with respect. Clerks were not called on to check guns overnight. In the lobbies the gentlemen of the plains discussed college days, modern range methods, and scientific farming. They were different from the average individual because they wore the wide-brimmed felt hat.

A situation had to be met by the management, because the visitors had brought no such story-tellers as have been pictured in all stories of Western setting. Joe Morton, general manager of the celebration, also secretary of the Interstate Fair, first urged the cowboys to spread a few yarns in passing through crowds, and then, noting that the cowmen took poorly to fiction, hired two fertile-brained city youths to don chaps and sombrero and to spin Western tales in tents or paddocks where the curious might gather.

Visitors listened, wide-eyed! One young man traveled under the pleasant title of "Sneaking Lariat" Jones. The other youth's "pen name" was "Dead Shot" Cartwright.

When a crowd gathered "Sneaking Lariat" began to carve his name in the pillars of the grandstand. He wielded an evil-looking knife, and at intervals disgorged a great stream of tobacco juice in department-store abandon. The crowd agreed "Sneaking Lariat" was the only cowboy on the turf.

While this was going forward on the side lines out in the sport arena the West was being depicted in "whoop-la" fashion, while moving-picture batteries worked overtime and rough-rider bands supplied the musical clamor. "Old Steamboat" and "Rocking Chair," famous throughout the West as "the meanest outlaws in the world," were mounted and conquered by college-degree men like Frank Carter, formerly of Iowa, but now of Cheyenne, Wyo., and William Obele of Fort Pierre, S. Dak. Bachelors of arts wielded the lariat and dropped Texas longhorns with the graceful ease made famous in the Remington pictures.

NEED A FAIR SHOW IN LITERATURE

CHARLES IRWIN, responsible for the Cheyenne Day's celebration, was general director of the field sports, and his champion riders and ropers were featured in horseback quadrille, potato contests, and night-shirt races. Champions from the Calgary Stampede, the Winnipeg Roundup, and the Los Angeles Rodeo were gathered in by the glitter of purses offered. While they demonstrated uncanny skill in riding and rope tossing, they also played to the picture stands and the newspaper squads, explaining that their next move would be into vaudeville, and that they wanted large type prominence to attract booking agents.

Two cowboys slept on a downtown hotel roof, explaining for publication that they liked life in the open. One complained of rheumatic twinges after a night of exposure and questioned whether he was being paid a sufficient wage, later submitting a protest to Mr. Morton.

The crowd verdict (over 60,000 people witnessed the programs) was that the frontier day and man had passed on, and that the rising generation of cowmen was wise in choice of drinks, words, and methods of accomplishing the same ends that once brought broken pates and necks. All this new generation needs is a fair show in literature.



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at them, or back to the road, to wait for the fires to burn themselves out. But they do not burn out. That is, as fast as one field or house is consumed, another is set on fire; the old colonel has arranged all that. He is determined that the enemy shall have no opportunity to "waste the land with fire and sword." That will be attended to for him, so that he will have to pass through a blackened, kiln-dried desert, broken only by green oases, where pasture lands defy the flames. He—the colonel—knows well that there is no ally more effective and terrible than thirst. This ally now begins to make itself felt.

Soon the water in the enemy's canteens is gone. Eagerly his men rush into the scorching heat radius of a burning farmhouse, only to turn away again with bitter curses and an added score of hatred toward those whose land they are invading. For the animals that could not be driven away—pigs, mostly, and sheep—have been killed and their bodies thrown into the wells. Already their waters are so polluted that to drink them is practically suicide. Yet some of the enemy's men do drink before their officers can stop them.

Is not this poisoning of wells contrary to the laws of war? Certainly it is. But men who are not given the benefit of those laws are hardly disposed to accord such benefits to their adversaries. No truer phrase was ever coined than that of General Sherman when he said that "war is hell." He might have added that when soldiers meet civilians who are fighting to preserve the integrity of their country—why, then it is that war takes on its most superlatively hellish aspect.

THE enemy has not captured many of the inhabitants of the country; those men who have fallen into his hands he has treated even as he treated the old fisherman. From now on he spares no one, not even the few women who have not made their escape, nor their children. The dead bodies of the men are found mutilated in the nameless and horrible manner which, strangely enough, is common to all parts of the world where unbridled, uncivilized warfare is waged. It must be prompted solely by the most brutal instincts latent in the nature of man; it can hardly have been communicated from one land to another. The Yankee does not reply to this indignity in kind. But he does other things. He does not realize that the enemy is not wholly without the only excuse that could serve to palliate his acts. But it is a fact. Thirst, carried to an extreme, will bring with it insanity of the most agonizing sort. What between heat, thirst, fatigue, and rage, many of the enemy's men are literally crazy now. His horses are falling by scores. His attempts to bring water from the rear are utterly inadequate; his means of doing so are so small, his men and horses so many.

His aeroplanes have proved all but useless. It is but rarely that they can get an adequate view of the country through the pall of smoke that hangs over it. Once one of them catches a glimpse of men working busily at a road near the railway. In order to see more distinctly, he swoops like a hawk—and gets too low. A chorus of rifle shots rings out. The monoplane dives as a boy's kite sometimes does, and striking the earth head on, it crushes its aviator and the passenger under its engine. And the work on the road goes on.

The road here runs along the face of a rise. On one side there is a steep declivity; on the other a steeper bank. This bank has been heavily undercut. Along the back of the wedge-shaped cave thus formed a continuous box—a sort of square, wooden pipe—has been laid. It is filled with powder. Over it planks are set upright, and against these planks gravel has been thrown until the bank has resumed its normal appearance.

The Doom of the Invader

(Continued from page 6)

This is a species of mine known as a "fougasse."

The sun, a mere red ball as seen through the smoke, has passed over the land and gone below the western horizon. Night brings no cessation of toil. The roads over which the enemy is passing have practically to be rebuilt as he goes. Point mines are succeeded by trench mines, which lay it open as though some giant plow had passed through it. Incidentally many men are killed; but men in this case are only pawns in the game, and are of but little value compared to the time that is wasted. The enemy has more men, but time is a thing that he cannot command.

Still he toils doggedly on toward the railway, which at this point runs in a direction practically parallel to the coast line. The enemy is brave. Most men are. The coward is a rare exception; hence the black disgrace of cowardice.

SO, half dead and more than half crazy with toil and thirst, the enemy nears his objective, the railway, and starts to cross the rise. There is a stream, too large to pollute, on the far side of that rise; his aeroplanes have told him that much. But as the head of his column nears this stream some one, concealed at a distance, jams home the plunger of a firing battery. With a flash and a muffled roar the fougasse explodes, sending along its half mile of length a blighting shower of stones and gravel across the road, sweeping from its surface every living thing.

Even this does not deter the thirst-maddened men who follow. In silence—for their parched throats refuse to voice a cheer—they rush forward and are killed like rats as they throw themselves prone on the banks of the stream to drink. The colonel at last has made a stand, and is occupying a line of sandbags laid along the railway bank.

Beating them with the flats of swords, the enemy's officers manage to get their

With the seaport town he does not at present concern himself. Its garrison, though too small to make a sortie against him, is still too large and too securely placed readily to be taken by storm or a direct attack. Later he intends to act against it in conjunction with his ships; at present it is with the other direction that he occupies himself. It is from that direction that the American forces will come. His plan is to take up the rails in order that he may securely intrench himself in the position he has gained. Later he can replace those rails when he needs to use them. In order to take them up, however, a train is needed—and a clear track.

To test this latter point he sends forth a pilot engine, running wild—that is, with its throttle open and its cab unoccupied. It meets a rail joint, cunningly opened, on the outside of a curve and plunges over a bank. A second engine has her vitals speared by a rail that has been set in the middle of the track, so that its end points diagonally up and backward. He resolves to wait until morning, then not far away, before starting out with the train that he has managed to get together. When morning comes, however, his attention is otherwise engaged.

First the wires of his field telegraph are cut—but that is continually happening. Then his scouts begin to come in. Small bodies of American troops have been met, which are evidently the forerunners of larger bodies. Neither would this disquiet him ordinarily; it is nothing more than was to be expected. What does disturb him is the fact that these small bodies seem to have appeared not only on his front, but also on both flanks, showing that the Americans are attempting to surround him on three sides and cut him off from the fourth, the sea and his ships, which form his base.

THE distant "wop! wop! wop!" of rifle fire begins to make itself heard. It gains strength until it comes in gusts, exactly like thousands of packs of fire-crackers set off together. Also it comes closer; the enemy's outposts are being driven in. A shell, fired from a field gun, screams into camp, buries itself in the bank, and explodes there harmlessly. Another follows it and still another. Then comes one from a flank.

Already he has sent all the men he can spare to protect those flanks of his. Now these men are falling back. Orderlies and gallopers bear dispatches and verbal messages, begging for reinforcements; but the enemy dares send no more. Reluctantly he orders a retreat—and it is like the retreat

from Concord. It is not a rout at first. At no time is it entirely a rout. In fact, the enemy's rear guard holds its formation throughout. It is like some beast of prey which, though obliged to flee for safety, still will make a stand and fight savagely when its pursuers come too close on its heels.

The main body, however, has not even the poor consolation of carrying on this losing fight as it hurries, once more tortured by thirst, along that fire-blasted road. The volunteer civilians of the old colonel's force, they find, have returned to their former home by devious ways. Every tree, every blackened rock almost, has a man behind it with a rifle in his hands and the memory of those mutilated corpses blazoned on his mind. There is little use in detaching parties to oppose them; it would be like trying to catch fleas with a boxing glove. Besides, there is a rumor which passes along the column's length that makes them hasten until they sometimes drop exhausted by the road side by side with those who have fallen to the rifles of the men behind the trees and rocks. And there is a sound that confirms that rumor.

This sound is the distant, thudding rumble of many heavy guns fired rapidly. It tells the enemy's men that his



His transports are taken or sunk, his warships also taken or driven away

men into line. Bayonets flash and rattle as they are snapped in place, and they charge, taking a line of empty works in time to send a useless volley after a speeding train.

STILL the enemy has water now; also he has the railway at this point—that is, what there is left of it. A glance in the direction of the seaport terminus shows that little use can be made of it, for the present at least, in that direction. The rails have been torn up, heated in the middle over fires of ties, and then twisted, by means of great wrenches at each end, and turned in opposite directions. Rails that are merely bent can be straightened, but those twisted in this manner are useless until rerolled. There has been a small yard at the point that the enemy has taken. The cars have been set ablaze, and are burning merrily. Some of the engines have had their cylinder heads removed; others are permanently disabled by means of dynamite exploded in their fire boxes.

Patiently he sets about saving what he can and repairing damages. He expects to need those cars and engines.

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ships are engaged. Then he comes to know, as the news is passed from mouth to mouth, that his transports are taken or sunk, his warships also taken or driven away. No line of retreat is left open now. Some of the survivors break into the woods, vainly hoping to conceal themselves, but only to be slaughtered there. Others gather in little groups, trying desperately to fight against their relentless and unseen foes. When at length the khaki uniforms of the regular American forces appear, they hail those uniforms with devout thankfulness as a refuge and a protection from the erstwhile peaceful inhabitants of the countryside, changed back to primitive savagery by the enemy's coming.

So the invasion ends. The enemy has left a heritage of hatred against him which not fifty years of ordinary warfare could have brought into being, nor can five hundred years of peace eradicate. He has drawn a black line through a portion of our land—but it is a very short line when compared to the size of the land. He has lost much and inflicted much loss. Neither side has gained anything worth having.

The case here stated was purposely made an extreme one, and it is, of course, imaginary. Yet there is not an incident here recounted that has not had a hundred parallels—save perhaps that of the aeroplane and the motor car. Nothing that is here recounted is impossible.

Brickbats & Bouquets

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which always gets the latest when there's anything doing or when there isn't.

—Fort Worth (Tex.) *Telegram*.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is not always wrong. It sometimes rushes in where many another angel might fear to tread, and suffers a clipping of its wings.

—Charleston (W. Va.) *Gazette*.

Mark Sullivan has now progressed to the point of advising the abolition of the Congressional campaign committees.

—Hartford (Conn.) *Courant*.

Mark Sullivan of COLLIER'S, one of the most keen and careful observers of Congressional proceedings.

—Salt Lake City (Utah) *Herald*.

It is strange to find Mark Sullivan, COLLIER'S Congressional expert, declaring that conservation is yet the great issue of the country, and that its care really rests in Republican hands. Mr. Sullivan and his publication did everything possible to align the Republican party against the policy and give it over to the party of Roosevelt and Pinchot. Mr. Taft's wise and sane conservation policies were ignored or misrepresented, and the wisdom and altruism of the Pinchot school of politics accentuated.—Albany (N. Y.) *Journal*.

No doubt the Senators feel, like Patrick Henry on a certain notable occasion, that if standing up for a great industry and a half million people at home be treason, then let COLLIER'S WEEKLY and Mark Sullivan and John L. Sullivan make the most of it.

—Fort Worth (Tex.) *Star*.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY says a vote against the Underwood Bill is a vote for the Payne-Aldrich tariff.

—Milwaukee (Wis.) *Journal*.

One typical organ of free trade or near free trade—COLLIER'S WEEKLY—is quite plain and direct in its program for cheapening the cost of food in the United States.—Cleveland (Ohio) *Leader*.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY did more to assist the great Progressive cause than any other periodical in the United States.

—Oshkosh (Wis.) *Northwestern*.

The way Mark Sullivan is holding up Wilson's hands in the big fight is certainly commendable. **WM. F. FAGAN.**

RIVERSIDE, CAL.
Firmly believing that when a great publication fearlessly and earnestly assails the liquor traffic, and, through the medium of powerful editorial and forceful cartoon, seeks to awaken in the public mind a more vital interest in the terrible havoc being wrought by the evil of strong drink, we, the members of the Brotherhood Bible Class of the First Baptist Church of Riverside, Cal., the largest men's Bible class in the State, take this opportunity of commending the editors and publishers of COLLIER'S for their courageous stand, and bid them a hearty Godspeed in their splendid efforts

to bring about the complete overthrow of King Alcohol in our nation.

By order of the class,

JESSE A. HUNGATE, Class Teacher.

We may be mistaken, but we believe COLLIER'S WEEKLY is not for legal prohibition, but against it, and it is, therefore, only a mischief maker.

—Parkersburg (W. Va.) *Journal*.

Warning from COLLIER'S to the Democracy of the country is entitled to thoughtful consideration.

—Sacramento (Cal.) *Union*.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY having done what it could to disorganize the Republican party, has now begun on the Democrats.

—Burlington (Iowa) *Hawk-Eye*.

COLLIER'S magazine, the great weekly that is doing so much to arouse the conscience of the American people to a realization of the fact that there is, after all, something really worth while to strive for other than the mad rush for power and pelf.

—Salt Lake City (Utah) *Progressive*.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.
Will you permit me to thank you for the steady improvement noticeable in COLLIER'S? I know that editors are busy people, but even the biggest folk like to know that their work is appreciated.

I particularly want to thank you for the excellent fiction you publish each week and for the broad policy, which includes all that is worthy, even though it may occasionally offend Mrs. Grundy. I especially have in mind a story published recently, called "In the House of the Living Death," by C. Hilton-Turvey. The scene of this story is laid in a brothel. When you accepted the work for publication you were doubtless aware that it might offend those who evade mentioning such places with a vague notion that by ignoring them they eliminate them.

The author had a perfectly real story to tell, which emphasized the innate innocence of the child mind. The scene was accordingly laid where that trait of childhood would be most conspicuous by contrast with its surroundings—in a place where innocence is entirely absent. This was entirely right.

ARTHUR SELWYN GARBETT.

LONG BEACH, CAL.
The uplifting influence of COLLIER'S editorials, stories, and comment is most assuredly gratifying to an unknown critic, the critic whose point of view is from the pinnacle of justice, and whose great ambition is to create a better understanding between all men everywhere.

CHARLES N. ANDREWS.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY criticizes Congress for fixing the lowest limit of income upon which the income tax may be collected at \$4,000 as "a bit of deference to popularity." Coming from a magazine which palpably has had no higher inspiration for its editorial policy than the desire for circulation for years, and which has been demagoguing with abandon from the first issue, this particular piece of criticism is really good.

—Muncie (Ind.) *Press*.

A Successful Cop

(Concluded from page 20)

the whole morning tramping here and there with baskets of provisions, unable to enjoy his own Christmas dinner until he knows others are having theirs.

A FRESH-AIR MOVEMENT OF HIS OWN

BUT the children are his especial care. He is called "The Children's Friend" policeman. He knows them all, the well-fed ones on the avenues, and the pinched, starved faces that grow thick as cobbles in the alleys. About ten years ago he began to be concerned about the poor waifs playing upon the bricks, who, all the year round, never once saw the country or had a chance to gambol under the trees and live a single normal day through in the presence of that nature which is the source and true environment of all life. Wherever it was possible for a mother to go with such a child, he could arrange it by distributing tickets for the fresh-air outings provided systematically by institutions existing in the city. But there were so many ineligible, so many whose mothers could not leave their work in the oyster canneries or the fruit-packing establishments even for a day that finally the policeman himself gathered up nine or ten of the very worst cases, both boys and girls, part of them cripples, and took them by wagon ten miles out to the grounds of a fishing club, which were readily opened to him, and there gave them the playtime of their young lives.

This was such a thrilling success that next year the experiment was repeated with greater numbers. It has now become an annual event. Last year 135 children, conveyed by this policeman, spent a day in the country. This year the number will be larger still. Bakers, grocers, confectioners, and caterers vie for the privilege of furnishing the dinner and its trimmings. There are all sorts of games, all kinds of frolics, and the most gamesome, frolicsome, and very near to the youngest of them all will be this white-mustached policeman.

These picnics have become a means of discipline in the district. Officer Hamilton doesn't like dirt or disorder, soiled faces, or unnecessarily ragged clothes. The children know it, and they all want to win his favor. For him to say: "Don't do that-a-way, Buddy; I won't take you on the picnic if you do," is enough to insure that Buddy will stop shying rocks at Mrs. Brown's cat, or attaching tinware to Towser's tail, or teasing his little sister or whatever other mischief juvenile depravity may have been brewing at the moment. And the influence upon Susie and her small misdemeanors is just as great.

It even works upward to fathers and mothers, who have a feeling that if they can conduct themselves in a manner to please Officer Hamilton their offspring will surely be honored with invitations upon picnic day.

Yet it is not alone for the swift-passing bliss of an annual picnic, but because of the kindness and sympathy of a thousand and one daily contacts that Officer Hamilton is endeared to the children.

OF UNIMPEACHABLE COURAGE

BESIDES, there is the example of his own life. His family lives on the edge of the post. That family life is a model to all. He is the kind of father that these waifs of the alley would like their fathers to be, the kind of husband that the wives of the tenements would like their husbands to pattern after.

Down at the Eastern District Police Station they boasted to me that Officer Hamilton was a Christian, a member in high standing of the Methodist Church in Post No. 1, and that it was being such a good Christian that made him such a good policeman. To prove his strictness they related with gusto how he refused to allow the station phonograph to play ragtime on Sunday, and only laughed when the boys tried to tease by calling him "Slister" Hamilton. To show his broad charity they boasted with equal emphasis that while Post No. 1 was largely Catholic, his popularity was as great with one religious faith as with another.

And they particularly warned me against supposing Officer Hamilton to be of the mollycoddling sort. Incident after incident, illustrative of high courage, was related, going far back in the memory of the older men, and coming right down to three days before, when, just out of the Hospital and back upon his beat, because of the unanimous insistence of the people to see him once more, though with the strictest injunctions from Lieutenant Hurley to step to a box and call for help at the least sign of trouble, he had torn his operation wound open in a tussle with a drunken sailor.

BUT VINDICTIVENESS IS NOT IN HIM

DISCRETION demanded that the officer should not invite a contest of strength which, in his condition, might end fatally; but Andrew J. Hamilton, fifty-nine years old, with a hole in his side big enough to throw a baseball through, was cock of his walk or he was nothing. Courage is courage with him, and cowardice is cowardice. He wrestled the fighting-mad sailor to the signal box, rang for the wagon, and stood by, white and resolute, till he had sent in his man, and then—collapsed.

This merely to show that our policeman, though loved by children, and cried over by mothers, is not a mollycoddle—unless you would consider it mollycoddish that the very next morning he dragged himself down to police court and, hearing the judge impose a fine of \$25 upon the sailor, pleaded with him to reduce it to \$5 instead, which was done, and that thereupon the sailor, twisting his cap in hand, approached the officer, thanked him, apologized for the trouble caused and injury done, and departed, his friend for life.

A POPULACE OF FRIENDS

WHEN I called upon Officer Hamilton, he was still at home, convalescing from the effects of his battle with the sailor. At my request he donned his uniform and walked with me over the beat, along the pavements, past the walls and doorways that he has known so long. This walk became a triumphal progress. The urchins in the street, the women on the doorsteps, the stylishly dressed ladies on the avenues, men of every condition of life, looked the trim blue figure over with admiring eyes, and asked him how he did. Chambermaids at second-story windows paused in their work and leaned out, dust cloth in hand, to get a nod and make an inquiry. The gray head was bare most of the time, as he responded to one salutation or another.

His manner was affectionate and fatherly. No king returning from victorious wars was ever more proudly, loyally, or affectionately welcomed.

Will the Kaiser Forgive Us?

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

GENTLEMEN: Being for a long time interested readers of your valued paper, we find ourselves somewhat puzzled to understand that you with so many years of experience in public life will allow to be printed and exposed to the world such unfounded "news" as what you publish in regard to "No

mantelpiece ornament is the latest gift of the Norwegians to their friendly neighbor, Kaiser Wilhelm, etc.," on page 15 of your August 2 issue.

ALFRED SUNDEEN.

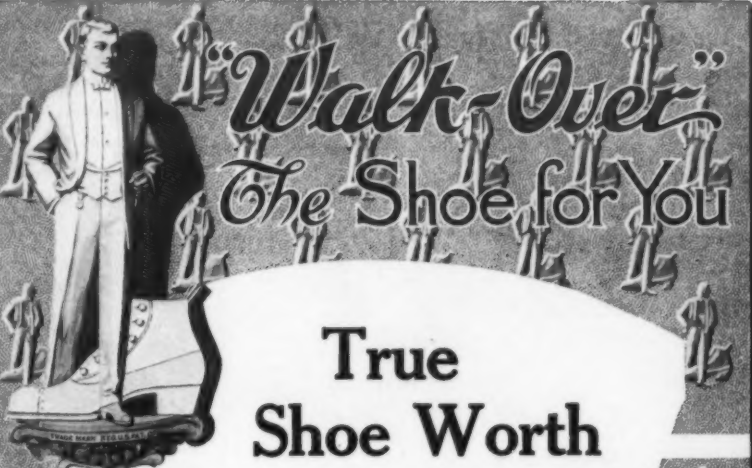
The complaint is a just one, and COLLIER'S apologizes for a reportorial blunder. The Kaiser was the donor, not the recipient, of the statue of Frithiof.

Circumstantial Evidence

IN the brave days when Secretary Bryan was known as the Boy Orator of the Platte, a venerable postmaster in western Nebraska journeyed to Lincoln, and when he returned home everybody wanted to know if he had seen Bryan.

"I'm not sure," said the old man cautiously. "A feller was p'inted out to me as being Bryan, but I'm afeard there was some mistake. I follered him half an hour and he never offered to make a speech."

WALT MASON.



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Walk-Over stores or agencies are established in practically every city or town in the world. From \$3.50 to \$7.00. Standard prices \$4.50 and \$5.00.

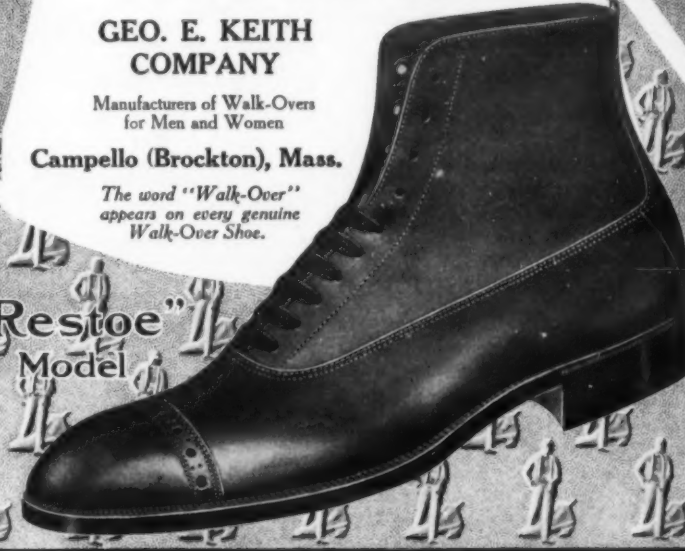
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Prepared for you by a famous French chef. Baked for hours in a modern steam oven.

Brought to you with the fresh oven flavor, with the beans mellow and unbroken.

A perfect dish with a matchless sauce. And always ready for hungry folks if you stock a few cans of Van Camp's.

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BAKED
WITH TOMATO
SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

The man who prepares this dish of baked beans came from Hotel Ritz, in Paris.

The beans he uses are white and plump—beans picked out by hand.

The sauce is made from whole, ripe tomatoes. It costs five times what common sauce is sold for.

The baking is done with super-heated steam, without contact with the beans.

After hours of this baking, the beans come out without being crisped or broken. They are mellow and whole and nut-like.

The tomato sauce is baked into the beans. And the beans by our process are brought to you with all the fresh oven savor.

Such beans are extremely rare. So far as we know, there are no others like them.

So this dish has made this kitchen famous in a million homes.

The beans will amaze and delight you. They will give you a new idea of baked beans. Please try them. Make these summer meals which come ready-cooked as inviting as you can.

Three sizes:
10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Baked by the
Van Camp Packing Co.
Established 1861
Indianapolis, Indiana

she found herself alone with her husband in the dell. She crept to his side and kissed him with a whispered inquiry for the pain of his wound. Then: "Where is Maryon?"

Unflatteringly, without the flicker of an eyelid, De Rivas repeated the lesson in which Hammond had instructed him. "He has gone to get water—and, Cara—he has had a great stroke of luck—got a buck in a kind of primitive trap—he fixed up last night. We shall have meat for several days."

"Meat—but no fire!" she said, a little spasm of horror contracting her weary face. He put his arm round her.

"Dearest, this isn't the time to be squeamish—for my sake, and for the sake of our little kid to come—just think of it as sustenance—close your eyes and get it down. Lots of sick people have to eat raw meat by order, and think nothing of it. And thank Hammond—don't forget to thank Hammond before he goes—for all he has done for us."

"Before he goes?" she cried with frightened eyes. "Where? Why?"

GENTLY, with more confidence in his words than in his heart, he explained Hammond's plans to her, and her eyes brightened. She had faith in Maryon's plans: they always "came off." And it would be only three days! It was a long time—but Marie would come back with help, and they would both be saved.

Suddenly, without a sound of his coming, Hammond was with them, carrying the can of water and something wrapped in long fresh grass. Immediately Cara cried:

"Boston? Where is Boston, Marie?" "I parted with him down by the river," said Hammond, adding after a moment: "He is busy with part of the buck I got."

He did not speak for a long time after that, seeming very intent on what he was doing—tearing the sleeves of his coat in strips to bind round his feet. His shirt had been used up for De Rivas's wound. After he had finished this, the only preparation for his journey, he sat talking cheerfully to Cara for a while, asking for messages for friends in Salisbury, and inviting her to choose the men she wanted for her "relief patrol." Hardly in keeping with these gay whippers were his words in De Rivas's off ear, as he thrust his revolver into De Rivas's off pocket.

"I'll take yours instead. It may serve to smash a skull with, at a pinch."

Now De Rivas's revolver was empty: it was Hammond's that contained the one cartridge for a certain emergency, the frightful emergency which all brave men who take charge of women in a savage country must be willing to face! But Cara, whom this little incident chiefly concerned, knew nothing of it. Almost light-heartedly she bade Hammond farewell, thanking him, as her husband had told her, for all he had done, far from knowing how much that was and how much it might be before the end.

At the last De Rivas held out his hand and said hoarsely:

"If you don't mind shaking, Marie—and saying you forgive me?"

It was the first time since he stole Maryon Hammond's wife that he had used the name that once in college days was sweet between them. He would hardly have dared now, but somehow he felt he owed it to Hammond's generosity to dare, if only to let the other man smite him with the just word of wrath. But Hammond took his hand. They were all in the shadow of death.

"And me, too, Marie?" whispered the woman through her tears.

"That's all right, Cara," he said gently, taking hers in turn. A moment later he had gone upon his way.

IN the Salisbury laager, which was the Salisbury prison put into a state of defense, with sandbags and wagons all round it, and machine guns pitched on every eminence, the air was charged with gloom and rage. It was not because of war: Rhodesians after 1893 were inured to war and had learned to accept philosophically its bitterness with its sweets. What hurt them now was that this was not war, but black murder. There had been no decent open fighting—only secret savage murder of men and women in far places. Murder—and worse! Men bit their mouths close on revolting stories that it would do no good for the women to hear; and women came into the laager night after night white-faced and sick at heart. The whole country was "up" in

Common or Garden Earth

(Concluded from page 8)



rebellion, but, except in Matabeleland, there had been no actual fighting. Overwhelming small isolated bands of men cannot be called fighting—but it was the nearest approach to it that the Mashonas had made. That was what they had attempted in the case of the Mazoe patrol. On hearing that there had been wholesale slaughter at Mazoe, and that the survivors (mostly women and children) were huddled in a house waiting for the end, twenty-six picked men had ridden out from Salisbury to the rescue. They reached Mazoe just in time—and getting the women, children, and wounded men into a wagon protected by sheets of corrugated iron, set out on the return march to Salisbury. These twenty-six men had had to fight every inch of the way with thousands of natives, but not one dead or wounded man of the gallant band was left by the wayside. As they fell, their comrades picked them up and thrust them into the wagon, and thus in some-wise or another came back each and every man of the famous patrol!

Carr, with an arm shot off and his horse shot under him, was one of those who had to lie helpless and raging among the women—raging because he knew nothing of the fate of his best friend! All that he knew was that the bodies of Rider and Dent had been found on the outskirts of Mazoe. One of the Carissima boys was reported to have stated that Hammond had gone to the help of the De Rivas. But it was now known that De Rivas's place was burned to the ground and not a living soul left at the Green Carnation! Small wonder that the bitterness of Carr's heart was as the bitterness of the heart of Job in the last stage of his torment.

It was now generally believed that everyone in the mining districts who had not managed to escape to Salisbury at the first alarm was of the doomed or dead. Diane Heywood looked into Bernard Carr's eyes and saw that belief there, and her face took a deeper shadow upon it. From the first entry of wounded refugees she had offered her services to the good nursing nuns, and striven in ardent labor and many a weary vigil to dull her heart's fierce pain. When once she and Carr had read each other's misery, he forgave her for what she had done to Hammond (though he knew not what it was) and they were friends. She was often by his bedside, reading sometimes or talking a little, but more often both were silent, thinking of what they dared not speak.

Oh! to see his eyes again! To know that he was still on God's fair earth!—not cut down, beaten to his knees with knobkerries, assailed by foul, cowardly brutes whose courage was only in their numbers! Only to know that he had had a fair chance—out in the open with a gun in his hand, not trapped in a hut, as so many had been! But all that had happened at Carissima remained dark and unknown; and the mystery of its fate lay heavy on the hearts of those in Salisbury laager.

Then late one afternoon shouts on the clear April air! Shouts and cries, hoots and yells of triumph from afar—nearer, nearer, until right at the laager gates; then crowds of men rushing in, all thrusting, heaving, shoving to be near a central figure—some one being borne high on men's shoulders!

DIANE, standing in the veranda of the jailer's house where Carr lay sick, shaded her eyes with her hand to see better through the sunset rays. They were calling Hammond's name—but was that Maryon Hammond—that haggard, tattered wreck, brown with dirt, disfigured by thorn scratches and dried blood, ragged, shirtless, with bare arms sticking through a sleeveless coat?

Yes, it was Maryon Hammond! He

looked up at her as they carried him past, and it was though he saluted her with a sword.

"Ah, God! if she could have gone to him and taken his head to her breast! But how could she? He was not hers but another woman's! All she might do was rejoice that a brave man still lived. Blindly, with faltering feet, she found her way back to Carr's room where she had been sitting when the noise came. She wanted to share the news with some one—some one who loved him too. Afterward they sat silent in the twilight. Carr with a man's philosophy was content now and could possess his soul in patience until Hammond came to him. But Diane knew not what power helped her to sit there so still, listening to the sounds in the jail yard. For they had not for a moment discontinued those sounds. Always men's voices continued to rise and fall, shouting excitedly, crying Hammond's name, questioning—even, it seemed, remonstrating. There was much jingle of harness, too, and the sound of horses being led out. At last a wilder hubbub than ever, an uproar of mad hurrahs, cheer upon cheer ringing on the evening air, then—the thud of horses' hoofs and the rattle of cart wheels!

SOME word he caught in all that wild bedlam of sound made Carr spring out of bed and tear down the passage that led to the veranda, with Diane Heywood running after him.

"What is it? What is it? Where is he?" After the first amazed stare at this madman in pajamas there were many to cry him the news.

"He's gone back again! What do you think of that? After doing sixty miles in his bare feet! Gone back to get De Rivas and his wife! Our fellows, twenty of 'em, were ready to go alone—but nothing on earth or off it could stop him from going, too—not the Judge, nor the Administrator, nor an archangel from heaven—said they could never find 'em without him—or might find 'em too late! His feet are all to bits—I tell you, man, he hasn't got feet any more—only some black currant jelly. They're so bad he has to ride in a cart!—but he would go—he would go. Whether he'll ever come back again—with those feet—"

BUT he did come back. It took longer to bring in the two refugees than it had taken Maryon Hammond to walk the distance in his bare feet, for there was fighting to be done on the return journey; but Cara de Rivas and her husband were safe and sound in Salisbury at last, none the worse for their three days' vigil.

And once more a man riding on men's shoulders looked up at a girl in the jail veranda and saluted her with the blue glance of his eyes; and she with her hand raised to her forehead saluted him in return, as a soldier might salute a conqueror, her eyes full of pride. For only she and he knew how great was this victory in which lay their defeat.

Do we think Victory great?

And so it is.

But now it seems to me when all is done, that Defeat is great, and Death and Dismay are great.

Long before they came to fetch her she had heard the news—the bitter, tragic news. It was on all men's lips.

"His feet are gone. Nothing can save Marie Hammond's feet—the fleetest feet in Africa!—gone!—done for! Nothing but amputation can save his life—and he won't have it done!"

It was true. He refused to have it done. He lay and laughed in the doctors' faces.

"Take my feet off? Leave me to spend the rest of my days on my back—or crawling about the earth like a maimed rat? Oh, no, my dear fellows. No job for you to-day—nothing doing!"

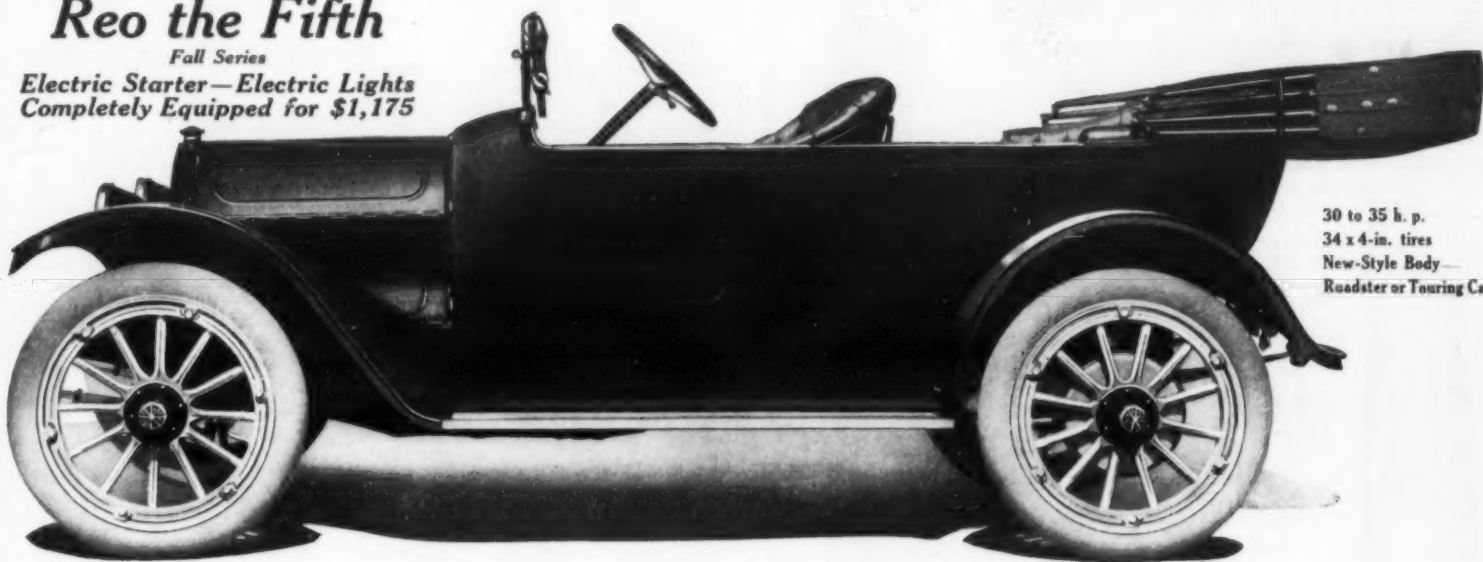
"All right, I'll be dead before morning if you say so. That's not such bad luck either. I think a good long rest is indicated anyway. I'd like a rest, by Jove! Only I should like to be left alone now if you don't mind, with my pal Carr—and—ah! yes, if Miss Heywood would stay too—Leave us three alone, will you, until the end?"

DIANE HEYWOOD never left Salisbury. A grave kept her there, and you may find her there to this day, tending the sick and sad, helping all those whose burdens seem too heavy for their shoulders.

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The Doings of the Cynic

(Continued from page 18)

"I'll fix it, Butterfield."

Hastening back to No. 10, Butterfield knocked. There was an instant's pause, and then the man within inquired impatiently: "What is it?"

BUTTERFIELD promptly opened the door. "The lady is wanted on the telephone—booth No. 6—right away, sir—party says it's urgent."

"Confound your impudence, waiter! Who told you to open the door?" demanded the other, angrily. The little girl was crouching against the wall, her face pale and her eyes wide with terror.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Butterfield humbly, and then to the girl: "Will you please come at once, madam? I think it is quite important." He held the door open invitingly, and the girl, utterly confused, stepped through it and followed him.

Her host called out cheerily that he would await her return with impatience, and Butterfield closed the door upon him.

Lorraine, again in the hall, noted with surprise that Butterfield was conducting the lady from No. 10 into Miss Mercier's office, and, fancying that something unusual was happening, decided to watch for developments.

The foolish little girl sank into the chair Miss Mercier brought her and buried her face in her hands.

"Lorraine is scoutin' around; don't lose any time," said Butterfield, and closed the door upon them.

MISS MERCIER assumed a severe expression, and, after a mental prayer that she might be granted inspiration to say the right thing, she said: "You can thank your lucky stars that you are going to go straight home, safe and sound. And let this be a lesson to you not to go to suppers in private dining rooms with men without a chaperon. Nobody does, especially here. The waiter will put you in a carriage, tell the driver where you live, and go there. We will pay the driver, so you have nothing to worry about. Come along now. Don't tremble so; you are safe. Here's the waiter now."

Butterfield appeared and led the still trembling girl out of the office down the marble-cake stairs, through the deserted grand hallway, across the side-

walk, and saw her safely into the carriage.

During this time the man in No. 10 grew restive and suspicious. He rang for Butterfield, and Lorraine, watching the call board for the absent captain, took it upon himself to answer.

"Where is my waiter?" demanded the rake.

Lorraine shook his head and grinned craftily. Then he remarked, as a sort of afterthought, that he had seen Butterfield talking to a lady in the hall and later escorting her down the front stairs as though he were seeing her to the street.

"Go and call the lady in No. 6—the telephone booth."

Lorraine returned with the information that there was no one in that booth nor any of the others. When he was dismissed Lorraine laughed and remarked to himself that it was almost worth \$5 to cook Butterfield's goose so soon and with so little trouble.

THE deserted one rang the bell again, and this time Butterfield himself answered it, but in reply to every question he returned the same answer: "I dunno nothin' about it, sir. Anythin' else, sir?"

"Yes! Call the head waiter and Maxum himself. I'll fix you, you fresh gink."

"Very good, sir; thank you, sir," replied Butterfield colorlessly. He did as he was ordered, and saw Lorraine called in to relate his story.

"That thieving skunk, Lorraine, wants to get even with me for the five spot; guess he will, mebbe. He'll be happy to make trouble and get his knife into me. Well, it's worth it!"

Then he called Miss Mercier from the booth.

"This you, kid? If you want to help me out of a tight place, remember you never seen that girl, an' stick to it. I'll see the cabman an' shut him up tight. So long."

Leisurely he shuffled back to the waiters' rest room, and it was there the head waiter found him, serenely playing solitaire; but his serenity did not save him.

"Well," cried the head waiter angrily, "Butterfield, you're not paid to be a missionary. Go get your time!"

A Daniel Come to Judgment

(Continued from page 17)

He knew it—was aware of it in a swift, choking wave of remorse.

"Gee! Don't it hurt?"

The boy's pointing finger was within an inch of the ruddy stain. Garth snatched the hand away behind him with a gasp. It seemed to him that if the son had touched that fatal mark the very heavens must have fallen to crush the father's slayer on the spot.

THE boy was looking at him strangely. Summoning every fraying nerve to the effort, Garth smiled at him. Such a smile might, perchance, twist the lips of a soul plunged into hell.

"It's nothing," he said hurriedly. "W—when will the old man—be back here?"

"He'd order come pretty soon," returned the boy, meeting the advance frankly. "Sometimes he's late, 'count of them pickets."

Garth nodded. A swift suspicion crossed the boy's mind. He drew back a trifle.

"Say, y're a striker, ain't y'? 'Re you one of them pickets? Say—what'er want t' see him fer?"

"I—I just want to talk to him," stammered Garth.

The boy's defense fell with instant readiness. He laughed. "That won't do no good," he commented. "The old man's strike breakin'. Guess y' know that, don't y'? And say—he's wild agin strikers. He won't talk wit' no striker. When he comes he'll likely chuck y' out. He c'n lick you, I bet'cher."

HE took in Garth's proportions with a confident grin.

Garth had no plan, saw no relief. Singly, the one imperative thing—the boy must not find what lay behind him. He plucked at the only words he could find.

"What's your name?"

"Me? Seth. 'S a rott'n name, ain't it? Say—I ain't skeert of strikers. I'm fer the strikers, I am. Y' orter hear me and the old man scrap about 'm. Only—I'd be fer my old man if he got in a fight."

Garth nodded again at the earnest face.

"Say—come on in and sit down."

"No," answered Garth with a half-caught breath.

"Gee—I'm gonna." Something seemed to relax in the youngster. He limped slowly to the cot that stood against the rear wall of the room, at Garth's right hand. "I'm all in, I am. I wish't the old man'd come."

HE sat upon the edge of the cot, and Garth saw for the first time that weariness had lain very close behind the cheery, smiling glance. With one of the quick transitions peculiar to him, the boy had yielded to it. His cheeks looked waxen and sunken in the yellow glare; his little limbs and body seemed very frail. His foot dragged heavily as he walked.

Something drew Garth away from the doorway to the cot.

"What do you want?" he asked quickly. "Something to eat?"

"Now," said the boy. "I ain't hungry. But—my foot hurts."

Garth stood before him helplessly. The something that had drawn him to the youngster was wrenching pitilessly at his heart, where grew such pain as he had never dreamed. This boy! This brave, ready, comradely boy! This little cripple, so small, so handicapped—whose tiny hand had reached to him in open friendship—to whom he owed his very food that day, the strength and warmth in his body! And it was he—Garth—who had wrought this most

damnable and fiendish wrong. The horror and the pity of it!

A burning, blinding mist swept before his eyes—and passed. Tears would not clear it. Tears? Nothing on God's green earth would ever clear it.

"Your—foot hurts?" he repeated numbly.

"Uh-huh!" The child looked up at him with wide eyes from which precocious confidence had fled, leaving only suffering and the gentle, wondering resignation of childhood. "When he comes he'll rub it."

Garth went down on his knees. The big, strong man with the dark, sullen face and the stubborn will, with murder now hot in his veins, with the mark of Cain upon him, fell upon his knees at the side of the cot. "Let me rub it," he cried. "Won't you let me?"

"Uh-huh," said the boy indifferently. "The's the lymint over on the trunk."

WITH trembling, unsure hands Garth unlaced the thick, misshapen boot. Tenderly he drew it off, and winced as if a knife had been driven through him when the stocking, turned back, revealed the white-veined flesh and the cruel thing beneath. In his careless pride of health and sound frame Garth had never given a thought to the unfortunates turned imperfect from nature's mold. The intimate discovery was reserved for this moment when, staggering under terrific emotional revulsion, he saw the poor, malformed foot of his innocent victim. The impact shook him to the marrow of his being.

"Where does it hurt?" he murmured, struggling with a surge of emotion.

"It jes' aches all over," said Seth wearily, accepting the man's anxiety as a thing familiar. "He rubs it wit' his hand—and lymint."

Garth took the bottle and sent a wordless cry of strength into the quaking spaces of his soul.

Gently, fearfully, he began to rub the foot. It seemed at first as if he could not endure it, to feel beneath that hand, so dreadfully stained, the live, cool flesh in its pitiful distortion. For a time there was only the singing of the gas jet and the soft slide of Garth's palm. The man presently found the silence unbearable. The crude violence of his feeling drove him into further paths of service, strange ways to Dan Garth.

"Like to hear a story?" he blurted.

The boy's dimmed eyes lighted a little.

"Sure! The old man he alwuz tells me stories when he rubs my foot. How'djer know that?"

Garth could not have told. But he had, somehow; he had known just that.

"Tell me 'bout a striker's kid what bounced a brick off'n a cop's nut and got pinched," ordered the boy.

It was an incoherent tale. Little tutoring Garth's tongue had had in such tasks. The thought of the next room and what it held was on him like a cope of lead. The terror of his deed and his wrong was stifling him. But it was a thing to be done, and he did it, wrestling with the torment in the depths of him, yet desperately molding the trivial phrases for the passing ease they might bring the boy. Seth listened without comment, but his little mouth curved in a drooping smile of tolerance as the clumsy yarn wound its slow length along. Garth, subtly sensitive, knew that he was failing miserably as a substitute. But he held doggedly on, rubbing as he talked.

"And so—Johnny come up before the judge in the mornin'—and the judge— he said—What you got to say for yourself?" And Johnny said he never thought it was bad—to kill a cop. And the judge said: "Don't know no better than—kill a cop?" And Johnny—he said: "No, sir, I—never understood how it was—"

"Aw, say," broke in Seth. "I t'ought he was a tough guy. A tough guy wouldn't holler like that. Ouch! Y're hurtin' my foot!"

IN a sudden leap of feeling Garth leaned forward and put his big arms about the boy's body and drew the pale little face close to his dark, virile one.

"Seth," he cried hoarsely. "Come with me! I want you to come with me, away from here. We'll go some other place—just you and me. And you can play in the fields with the kids. And—and I'll get candy—and learn a lot of fine stories to tell you."

The boy drew away from him, but without fear.

"What'cher talkin' about?" he said, startled. "Leave here?"

"Yes—yes," begged Garth urgently. "Leave the old man?" exclaimed Seth.

"I know—but—he won't miss you," pleaded Garth, the words tumbling in a hot tide from his lips. It was the one chance for amends. He had no thought of himself; only of the boy. To get him away before he should learn what had befallen in the next room. To atone in some measure for his irreparable wrong.

"I—I haven't got no kid of my own. You come with me and you'll see what a nifty time you'll have. We'll go—now. You won't have to work any more, only—"

"But gee, I wanna work," broke in Seth.

"You want to work?" repeated Garth mechanically.

"Sure. For my foot, see? The old man and me, we been savin' up. When we git enough I'm goin' t' have my foot fixed."

"Fixed?"

"Sure. The's a doc goin' t' fix it wit' a noperation. What'cher t'ink I'm bustlin' papes fer—and the old man scabin'?" We gotta save up—pretty quick, too. The doc, he can't fix a kid's foot 'cept while he's little, like me."

The wide eyes reproached him, and Garth, kneeling there, knew the ultimate despair.

"But I'll have it done," he cried wildly, straining the boy closer. "I'll find the money for the operation. Come with me, Seth!"

But Seth, alarmed at his violence, pressed his little fists against the man's heaving breast to force him away.

"No—no, I don't wanna."

"Why? Why, Seth? Don't you like me? Say—don't you like me, Seth?"

"Sure I like y'," said Seth, struggling. "Only I guess y're kind of crazy, and—y' ain't my old man."

GARTH'S arms relaxed and he sank back, pressing his hands to his face. That answer, too, had to come. He could suffer no further. God had closed the boy's heart to him, and he knew that the bitterest punishment in the human scheme is meted to the man who is refused the right of atonement.

It remained only that he pay the blood debt. That could be settled, a life for a life. It was nothing.

He raised his face, wet with unheeded tears, and looked dumbly at the child.

A flicker of refracted light passed athwart his eye and led it to the doorway behind and to the side of the boy's cot. A figure leaned there, a grim figure, bearded, streaked with red. It stood feebly against the jamb, slack armed. But one wrist was flexed. And in that hand was a big, compacted chunk of steel with the round eye of the barrel trained full.

FOR a breath Garth's heart stood still.

And then the reaction came upon him in one great, whirling rush of stupendous happiness, a flood of utter gratitude. A weaker man, capable of feeling as Garth had learned to feel, must have collapsed. Never was a soul plucked from such depths and carried to such heights at a bound. He closed his eyes for the shot. And there came upon his dark face a smile that was more than human, lighting it as by an aura.

"Say—g'wan wit' that story about Johnny."

The boy had taken that transfiguring smile instantly to himself, and when Garth looked at him again he was smiling with ready response. Garth nodded. He did not glance again toward the doorway. The shot would come. Let it! The boy was the one thing that mattered.

"Sure—about Johnny," he said, low voiced, still smiling. "Pretty near forgot him, didn't we. Well, Johnny, first thing anybody knew, he called the judge an old penwiper, right then and there. Yes, sir, nothing slow about Johnny."

A Note of Warning

I SUPPOSE it's Human Nature to like to pick up a "bargain"; but there's a whole lot of difference between "getting a bargain" and "getting trimmed"!

When a standard article is "marked down", for legitimate reasons, that's a "bargain"; but beware of the untrademarked, unadvertised, unknown goods which are represented as "marked down" and which have no reputation to sustain. They are the so-called "bargains" which appeal to the cupidity of Human Nature and which, for credence, rely solely on the reputation of the "cut price" articles along with which they are offered to the gullible.

For a long time, "Cut Prices" have been an all-powerful decoy, but there are hopeful signs that the Public are beginning to realize that even if there isn't any distinction between the words "Bargains" and "Bargains", there's a mighty big difference! *Cut price* too frequently means *cut quality*, and the bargain hunter is gradually concluding that it is less desirable to be a victim than a beneficiary.

The whole question—and the Answer to it—are merely matters of common sense. Storekeepers are not in business for fun or for their health. They are in business to make money; and they are entitled to all they can make legitimately. They have their expenses to meet and their profits to make; so, if they undersell on one article, it is only natural that they will make up the difference on another.

In "Cut Price" stores, some goods are made to carry the burden of handling all of them and that's where the dealer gets his profit. And it is not my intention to be at all funny in adding—*And that's where you get "Yours", as well!*

If the retail dealer loads the expenses of his business on to certain things that we do not know about, he can well afford to cut prices on the things that we do know. The result is that the Consumer pays less for one thing, but more for another—with emphasis on the latter. But the big important thing for you to consider is the effect that "price cutting" has on the manufacture, and distribution of new articles and of the old, familiar standbys. I've something very interesting, bearing on this point, that I am going to publish next week. I hope you will read every word of it and then *think* about it.

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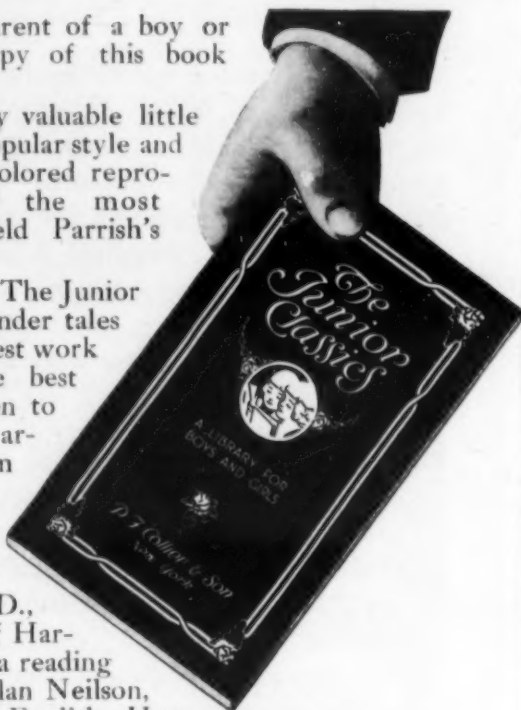
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Called him an old billy goat penwiper. Told him his whiskers needed trimming, he did. 'Y' ought to have seen the judge's eyes pop out when Johnny began to sass him. 'Officer,' he yelled, 'officer! Call the Jimrox!' Mind you—Jimrox. And the first thing Johnny knew, in come a little old man with the funniest green hat! 'Ah-ha!' said the Jimrox, just like that. 'Ah-ha!' Another bad boy! Leave him to me, Judge—"

NONSENSE. But wonderful nonsense to Seth, and it came from Garth's lips as if he had done nothing all his life but tell fairy stories to marveling youngsters. No impediment now, no awkwardness, no hesitancy. The bold, sullen-faced assassin that had groveled and labored in his sin was gone. And here was a very different individual, quaint, chuckling, confidential—and smiling with the smile the little knows.

"Gee!" cried Seth, breathless with delight as the tale tumbled riotously on. "Why 'n't y' tell me that before?"

Garth could not have told, did not know himself whence this strange, buoyant sense of sympathy had come to him, how it was that his brain had become apt to plan, his tongue swift to tell, the conceits that charmed. He only knew that love for this child had swept his heart clean and that pure joy was bubbling to fill it, bubbling in laughter.

The shot would come. It mattered not a whit, except that perhaps Seth might be frightened. As he talked on a faint hope sprang within him that it might not be until he had finished the story. It was his interval, his little space. He was like a miser granted but an instant to gather his treasures before being hurried away. He hung upon each curve of lip, each limpid flash of eye, the sigh of tremulous breath, the faint flush of starting rose in the boy's pallid cheek.

The shot would come. But still it did not, and he talked on. The boy's hands had stolen of themselves into his. Seth had surrendered, all the tiny being of him, to this strange friend who understood and who loved. It was over at last. Garth smiled at the boy. Seth glowed upon him, wriggling with ecstasy.

"Oo—gee!" he sighed. "Tell us another." Garth stood up, laughing, wrung the mite's hands again, and moved back a pace. He was ready.

"Just run outside a minute and see if the Jimrox ain't hiding in the ash barrel by the gate," he suggested. "I bet he is."

"Aw—the 'n't no Jimrox," said Seth doubtfully, grasping after the skepticism the tale teller had charmed from him.

"You just go and look," nodded Garth. "You'll see."

"Aw—" grinned the boy, but began to pull on his stocking and shoe, eying the man askance. They laughed in common appreciation of the joke as the boy got on his feet finally. Garth hurried him across the room to the front door, shielding any stray glance behind toward the kitchen doorway. He opened the front door. "Look hard," he cautioned, and the youngster, with a giggle, skipped from the step.

"Now!" snapped Garth, spinning on his heel. "Hurry! Before he gets back."

The bearded man stood there as Garth had glimpsed him, propped against the jamb, a ghastly red ruin, with the big revolver gripped in a great fist. But what Garth had not seen in that first flash was the face of him, where the eyes burned like twin smoky flames. They looked at each other. The scab at the calm, waiting striker. The striker at the fearsome figure of the scab, and the weapon deadly near.

"You're—out at the works?"

The voice was a deep-chest tone, heavy, colorless.

"Yes," said Garth.

"What'd you come here for?"

"To get you."

"Did you—know that boy?"

"He earned my supper for me this night, selling papers."

They stood for a long minute. Garth wondered dumbly at the delay. He found it hard, a little. The eyes glowered unwinkingly upon him from the bearded, crimsoned face. "Why didn't you clear out when you had the chance?"

Garth made a small, helpless gesture with his hands. He could not hope to explain—that. "The boy," he said simply. "I had no idea this was his home—or you his father—till he came."

The man raised the weapon. Garth stiffened involuntarily. The man slid the revolver behind his hip.

"Didn't happen to hear the strike was settled this evenin', did you?" inquired the heavy voice laconically.

Garth stared, bewildered.

"So you're in your job again and I'm out," added the other. "Help me swab up this face, will you? I'm kinder weak, and Seth—"

Garth had taken a stumbling toward him. "But, man," he faltered, "it was me—it was me hit you!"

The scab held him with steady gaze. "I know. But I heard—you and him."

Still Garth could not understand.

"I'm ready—" he gasped.

"I said, help me clean up this mess, will you?" said the strike breaker evenly.

THE boy broke in upon them, shrill voiced.

"Say, I poked in all the barrels up the street—the 'n't no Jimrox—" he began. And then caught sight of his father. He sprang for him with a yelp. "Oh, pop, this here guy's been waitin' for y'! And say—he tells the niftiest stories."

"Does he?" said the father dryly.

"Better'n me?"

"Pretty near," said Seth, struggling with his loyalty.

"Praps you'd rather go along with him."

The boy clung to his arm and looked up at Garth, standing by. "No," he said, shaking his head. "I like him—and he tells nifty stories. But he ain't my old man."

"Would you like to have him around, to tell you stories?"

"Bet'cher," said Seth promptly.

Garth held an impulsive hand to him. "I asked your father if we couldn't go away together, we three, some place where we can work, him and me—some place like I told you—some place where we'll forget strikes and scabs. And you can go to school and play in the fields, and we'll both tell you stories." The youngster looked up at him, wide eyed.

"Would you stand for that, Seth?" asked his father.

"Y' mean, bring him—this guy—t' hang out wit' us?"

They nodded, leaving the word with him. His fingers stole into Garth's.

"Gee!" he breathed. "Won't that be peachey!"

With quick eye he noticed a cleansed cut on his father's temple.

"O—o, pop!" he cried. "Somebody hit y'." Did y' git in a fight?"

"Yes," said the bearded man grimly.

"Wit' a striker?"

"Yes."

"Did y' lick 'm?"

"Well, sonny, I guess we both got licked," was the cryptic answer as the eyes of the men met above the boy, "by somebody too strong for the pair of us."

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You take their word for it, and pay them real money for vicious compounds of coal-tar colors and ethereal flavors—sometimes even for the deadly-poisonous wood-alcohol which some of these gentlemen like to substitute for the harmless article.

And this is only a minor matter, only a specimen of what you're doing every day, with all sorts of foods and beverages, buying on faith, choosing in the dark, taking the maker's word for what he sells you, and being cheated right and left, fooled with counterfeits, tricked with chemicals and drugged with preservatives!

And, to make it still worse, you can stop it whenever you please. You can laugh at the wiliest of these



food-sharpers whenever you like. You don't need to let them cheat you one minute longer than you want them to. Just get

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods

It makes you able to specify exactly what you ought to have, as surely, as safely and as easily as though you had analyzed every food on the market and could remember the result of every test!

The Westfield Book is the index compiled by the Board of Health of

Westfield, Mass., in ten years of continuous food-analysis by impartial, careful chemists. During this process the names of the pure brands have been sifted out and listed in a handy, compact, classified and indexed book, which anybody can use without a minute's study or the least bother.

To be absolutely sure that the foods and drinks you buy are above suspicion all you need to do is to send for this book—ten cents in stamps or silver brings it to you—and insist on buying any one of the brands it mentions under each classification. If you see the article in the Westfield Book, you may be sure that it is pure, clean, wholesome and honest-measure. If it isn't there—it may be *or may not*.

The whole trade of the food-counterfeiters rests on your habit of buying by guess-work. They prosper by fooling you only so long as you connive with them by choosing blindfold. They stop cheating you the very minute you begin to use the Westfield Book—for the very simple reason that their names and their products aren't in it and can't get there.

Tear off the coupon and send today. The Westfield Book makes you *sure* your foods are *pure*.



Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

TEAR OFF THE CORNER OF THIS PAGE
BOARD OF HEALTH,
WESTFIELD, MASS.

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps or silver, for which send me "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

Name

Street

Post Office

My Grocer

Address

Some of the Trade-Marked Foods used in my home:

Are you in sympathy with Collier's fight for Pure Food?



The Great Grand-Daddy of the Jimmy Pipe

THIS pipe Sir Walter Raleigh carried back to England and used incessantly, and is no doubt a souvenir of the first authentic introduction of tobacco in England. When Raleigh's fall came, simultaneous with the weakening of Queen Elizabeth's power, and he mounted the scaffold, he held the stem of this pipe in his teeth.

It is related that he handed the pipe to Bishop Andrewes, who administered the last sacraments of the church to him, and the goodly bishop passed it to the Carews, of Beddington, England. From this family it came into the possession of the Glovers, of Croydon, and afterwards to the Bryants, of Reigate, England. W. A. Bryant, of this family, exhibited the relic at Guildhall Museum, London, forty-eight years ago. At that time a parchment was introduced authenticating its history.



The pipe is now the property of Horace G. Blundell, 10 Stile Hall Parade, Chiswick, London, W., England, who received it two years ago from his grandfather, who had married into the family of Bryant.

This pipe is in a splendid state of preservation. It is made of Virginia maple wood and is rudely carved with two dogs' heads and four faces of Indian squaws. There is also a whistle cut in the pipe, by which, it is said, Sir Walter Raleigh summoned his servants. It is made in four pieces and is $2\frac{1}{2}$ times larger than this photograph.

This old he-one is the original jimmy pipe that Sir Walter Raleigh probably sat up nights carving while he smoked one extra pipeful before turning in. If Sir Walter had had

PRINCE ALBERT
the national joy smoke

to puff on, he'd have made the original jimmy pipe the size of a log of wood and stayed up all night, because P. A. can't bite the tongue or make you pipe-tired; it's patented.

Those were good Injuns that tipped Sir Walt off to the joy of pipe smoking. Sir Walt deserves a specially soft cloud for introducing the jimmy pipe to Johnny Bull and the rest of us. Prince Albert deserves the everlasting love of pipe fans, for it has brought into the game the real joy of smoking fragrant, delicious tobacco minus the tongue sting and throat torture.

Get out your jimmy pipe and then buy a toppy red bag of P. A., 5c; or a tidy red tin, 10c; or a good supply in a pound or half-pound humidor.

Sold everywhere.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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